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THE MAN-WOMAN OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

THE NATION'S POLICE GAZETTE THE LE CUSHING WHIPS THE BRITISHER! ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1889.

VOLUME LIII.—No. 600.
Price, Ten Cents.



PUGNACIOUS COLLEGE GIRLS.

LIVELY SCRAMBLE BETWEEN PRETTY FEMALE STUDENTS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1889.

IMPORTANT!

Energetic young men in towns and villages where the POLICE GAZETTE is not being sold, and where there is no regular newsdealer, can add to their income by selling the GAZETTE and our

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The name of *Lies*, the bright little society journal edited and published by Mr. Alfred Trumble, has been changed to *To-Day*. The paper will be precisely the same in contents as formerly, the publisher states, which is a sufficient guarantee that it will continue to sparkle with wit and humor each week.

Pauline Weissner, who was formerly a servant of Jacob Freystadt, a well-to-do Hebrew merchant, has sued the latter for \$3,000. She alleges that she has been damaged to that extent by improper liberties taken with her by the defendant. Freystadt denies the soft impeachment and charges blackmail. He might have added to this charge with a good deal of force, female.

The terrible accident which occurred in the factory at Plymouth, Pa., on the 25th ult., whereby eleven girls employed in making dangerous explosives met a most violent death, affords food for many interesting reflections. The poor girls, who were obliged to follow a vocation by which their lives were constantly in imminent peril, truly had a hard lot. Death in its most terrible form was a constant menace to them.

One of the most important newspaper transfers made in this city for some time was the purchase of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* by Mr. W. J. Arkell, of the Judge Publishing Co. Mr. Arkell has been very fortunate in securing this valuable property, which could not have fallen into better hands. We have no doubt that under Mr. Arkell's direction *Frank Leslie's* will gain additional fame and prosperity.

We are pleased to hear of the honors paid by the police department to Captain John H. McCullagh, who now wears five golden stripes upon his sleeve, one of which was recently placed there by the department as an emblem of a quarter of a century of continuous faithful service. Accept our hearty congratulations, John, and may you live to serve the police force another quarter of a century. New Yorkers may well be proud of such men as you.

Prohibition in Iowa is not producing very satisfactory results. Des Moines, the capital of the State, is said to contain no less than thirty drinking joints, besides a number of whiskey stills. There are also drug stores where the ardent is sold under the guise of patent medicines and when prescribed by a physician. The patent medicine trade was never so brisk in Des Moines as it is now, and the doctors have more patients than they can attend to.

There is nothing but trouble in local baseball circles. First it is cutting 111th street through the Polo Ground, then there is a talk of making the big circle at the Fifth avenue and 116th street entrance of Central Park, which means taking 300 feet off the Polo Ground corner, or, to put it more plainly, knocking the grand stand into a cocked hat. Thus one of the finest baseball parks in the world is being swept out of existence, and the property, which has held some of the largest crowds that have ever assembled to witness our national game, will be completely destroyed as a play-ground and cut up into building lots.

MASKS AND FACES

Callers on Kellar--
"Said Pasha."

DO THEY BLUSH?

At Supper With Potter--Doctor Boum--
Boum--A Song of David's.

WHIFFS.

Magician Kellar took out a pencil and a tablet last week and invited the profession to a matinee at Dock stader's.

In answer to this invitation a variegated audience gathered in the little play house on Broadway and



during two hours and a half, witnessed tricks, acrobatic, mesmeric, magnetic and mathematic.

Lend me your opera glasses and we'll see who was there.

Minnie Palmer sat in a box at one side of the house. Tony Pastor applauded from a box in another.

Ed Harrigan and Mart Hanly sat and looked on from the balcony.

Harry Sanderson was not far from Tony Pastor. Jimmy Powers was within ear shot of Charles Danby.

Peroy Hunting, known as *Jackyl and Hyde*, did not seem to frighten Josie Calvert.

Marion Booth, blonde and rouge, was not far away from Fanny Rice, buxom and hoarse.

Daisy Temple and Evelyn Temple, no relations, were there, and so were Kathryn Kidder and Isabella Evenson.

Maurice Barrymore was present with his wife, Georgie Drew.

Barry has been rather cast down these latter days. A friend of his asked him the reason at the Hoffman the other night.

"Well, you see, I've been insulted!"

"Insulted!" exclaimed a group of friends round the table. "Insulted?"

"Yes, gentlemen, insulted," answered Barry. "I've been called the son-in-law of Mrs. John Drew. That's all right. I've been called the husband of Georgie Drew. Of course, I'm perfectly delighted to be known that way. I've been called the brother-in-law of John Drew. Even that I could stand. But the other day I was introduced to a fellow as Maurice Barrymore, and the fellow looked at me a moment and then said: 'O, yes; I've heard of you. You're the brother-in-law of Sydney Drew.' That's more than I can stand. I consider myself insulted."

And Barry laughed and ordered another round.

Maude Harrison graced Kellar's matinee with her presence.

Alexander Salvini, getting too stout, filled an orchestra chair.

F. F. Mackay, Chas. Fisher, Gus Heckler, Jack Hamilton, Joseph Holland, Joseph Wheelock were in the audience.

W. W. Tillotson and Annie Boyd zig zagged in together.

Effie Shannon was there in her blonde beauty. Denman Thompson left his load of hay at the Academy and came.

Isabel Irving and Kitty Cheatham, with hair braided, sat in front of me.

Grace Filkins wore a heliotrope dress and a hat that had a saucy bird on it.

The chorus girls of the Casino and the London Gaiety scrutinized each other in the balcony.

Annie Russell looked the quiet little lady she always is.

Lulu Tabor, of the ingenuous face, had almost as many duds after her as she had at a ball last week.

Emma Lawrence boasted of many admirers.

Reddish-haired Rose Ricot had her usual wide awake air.

All these and more hailed the feats and the hands of Kellar all through the performance with various exclamations and demonstrations of delight.

The matinee was a great success.

Frank David, comedian, has, they tell me, composed the following song on the topical song.

Remember we keep constantly on hand a complete assortment of cabinet photos of all the leading actors, actresses, pugilists, athletes, pedestarians, wrestlers, rowers, etc. Price, 10 cents each. Address all orders to Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

If it's really his, it's good. I'm very skeptical as to authorship of the average song, essay, poem, of the average actor and actress. The intentions and hearts of most players are infinitely better than their grammar or their style.

You ask me to tell you of topical songs; Well, I really don't know much about them. Except that in operas and modern burlesques The front scenes are quite tame without them.

I'll tell all I know in a very few words. First, a good song is quite hard to get. And if there's a catch phrase that hasn't been used "I haven't discovered it yet."

Enunciate clearly; don't hurry the time; Be deliberate and steady, not slow. Be sure that you know what you're singing about Or, "You cawn't do it, you know."

Don't be over anxious to answer encores; Between symphonies bow very low. Let the audience think you don't care for applause; For "It's English, quite English, you know."

If your lyricist's versification is good, Don't let his pay run in arrears. For you find a good writer of topical songs About "Once in a thousand years."

If you get a good song copyright it at once, So that fully protected you'll be; For when some other fellow cuts into my pie, It "Doesn't agree with me."

To the ambitious amateur anxious to sing, Who doesn't know one thing about it-- Could you learn in five minutes twelve rhythmic lines? Well, "Maybe you could, but I doubt it."

As I was by chance reading an old newspaper the other day, printed in 1788, I believe, I ran across this announcement with the ad. of the Park Theatre, New York.

Notice. "The offensive practice to ladies, and dangerous to the house, of smoking segars during the performance, it is hoped, every gentleman will consent to an absolute prohibition of."

What would old Knickerbocker have done with young Dudelet of to-day had he caught him whiffing dense whiffs of cigarette smoke into the faces of people in the lobbies of theatres?

Whistle, please, "You Know!"

Mrs. Potter gave a supper party to Mrs. Langtry and Madame Hading at the Brevoort last week. The three ladies and Col. Urquhart, Mrs. Hading's mother, and Kyrie Bellaw met in a little parlor and had a glorious time.

Mrs. Potter was dressed in maroon velvet. Mrs. Langtry was draped in a gown of salmon colored silk, trimmed with wide white lace. Madame Hading attended in a lavender silk wrapper.

The ladies wore, in addition, genuine diamonds and artificial smiles.

The feast began at midnight and ended in the small hours.

For once, *Lady Macbeth* made a semblance of being on excellent terms with *Camille*, and *Cleopatra* clinked glasses with *Frou Frou*.

Our festive friend, *Marc Antony*, on this particular morning, saw neither *Lady Macbeth* nor *Camille* home. He went to his club, alone, in a cab.

"Clowns are more than mere fun-makers," said Jules Claretie, of Paris, playwright, novelist, manager, not long ago. "I have known a clown--Boum-Boum, by name--doing, as a doctor, for a poor sick child what your solemn faced physicians never could do."

The child's name was Francois. He was the son of Jacques Legrand, a merchant. His life was despaired of. The doctors had given him up. Suddenly a friend of the family had a happy idea. "Let's call in Francois' pet clown, Boum-Boum, from the circus."

He may do what the doctors can't. He may give Francois new courage to brace himself against this fever. The parents of Francois followed the friend's advice. M. Legrand went to see Boum-Boum, and Boum-Boum came into the sick room in his parti-colored jacket, his yellow wig and topknot on his head, the big gold butterfly on his back, his mouth stretched wide--wide from ear to ear like the slit in a money jug--and his face be-powdered. The effect was almost instantaneous.

On the little white bed, his face radiant with delight, laughing, crying, happy, saved, the child clasped his thin little hands and shouted bravo. His seven-year joyousness had returned just like fireworks. "Boum-Boum; that's Boum-Boum. Hurrah for Boum-Boum! Howdy do, Boum-Boum?" he cried.

When the doctor returned that day he found a clown seated by Francois' bed--a pale-faced clown. The child was laughing. The clown held a cup in his hand, stirring in a lump of sugar, and he was saying:

"You know, little Francois, you must take a sup of this; for if you don't Boum-Boum will clear right out and never come back."

And the child drank.

"It was awful nice, wasn't it?"

"Very nice. Thank you, Boum-Boum."

"Doctor," said the clown to the physician, "no jealousy, I trust; but it seems to me that the ugly faces I make for him do him quite as much good as your prescription."

Mr. and Madame Legrand were crying, but this time it was for joy.

From that time until Francois was running around there drove up every day a carriage to the house in the Rue des Abbees. A man came out wrapped in an overcoat, with a high-standing collar, and under all that was the clown, with his painted face.

"What do I owe you, sir?" Jacques Legrand asked of the clown when Francois went out for the first time, "for I certainly owe you something."

She stood before the painting, with its painter: "A dauber, and its daub!" She sneered, her faith in artists growing fainter. And all her thoughts a-mob!

Frenzied by her disdain, the surface-painting He washed off, and a new *Chef d'oeuvre*, on the canvas, palpitating, Met her enraptured view!

And thus it is with us poor painted creatures. Our various parts we play; Smiles crack and seam our artificial features--Tears wash the rouge away.

ROSEN.

"MAJOR" HENRI LE CARON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The POLICE GAZETTE presents this week, on another page, an exact portrait of "Major" Henri Le Caron, better known as Thomas Wallis Beach, the notorious spy and informer. He appeared before the Parnell commission and confessed to having been employed by the British government to get evidence that would virtually ruin Parnell and break up the Fenian organization, together with the Home Rule movement.

The clown held out his hands of Hercules to the parents. "We will shake hands, that's all." Then the clown gave Francois a good kiss and said, with a laugh:

"Well, there is one thing you might do. Grant me permission to have printed on my cards:

BOUM-BOUM,
Acrobatic Doctor and Physician in Ordinary
to Little Francois.

Our Oriental visitor, "Said Pasha," had a pretty rough reception here last week.

The critics of New York banged away at the turbaned Turk who had been endorsed by "Frisco and Philadelphia."

They didn't like the music of Richard Stahl. They didn't like the libretto of Scott Marble. They didn't like the plot.

I may just as well say that the operette was not half as bad as they made it out to be.

Our critics here have praised things quite as bad, but that had been produced by McCaull, and they have gone into mild ecstasies over things that were worse, but which had been brought out by Aronson.

The plot of "Said Pasha" is a little involved. The relations between an English sailor, a Mexican nobleman, an Indian queen, a Turkish pasha are, to say the least, a bit jumbled.

There are lots of catchy, borrowed melodies in the operette; no pretty girls in the cast.

Hubert Wilke evidently thinks he's just too sweet to live.

He ogles. He smiles. He shows his teeth. I looked at the programme several times to see whether he wasn't posing as a living ad. for a costumer, a dentist or a hairdresser. I found Wilke was supposed to be the tenor.

Helen Dineen can't dance a hornpipe, and I doubt whether anybody would break into a harem to steal her for her beauty.

But Francis Gaillard sang well and looked well in the title role.

Edwin Stevens made a distinct and undeniable hit as a tar astray in foreign lands, proved himself, in fact, a refined edition of De Wolf Hopper.

Stanley Felch was a success here, notwithstanding he is a favorite in Philadelphia.

Carrie Godfrey has a good voice and a fair stage presence.

Alice Gaillard acts with the *chic* and *clan* of the school of Theo and Judie.

In spite of these, however, I fear *Said Pasha* will find our very chilly climate.

But he may dance himself into favor on polka measures and waltz tunes.

Mr. William Archer, a prominent dramatic critic of London, has recently put the question to some leading actors and actresses whether they blush on the stage, and whether they really at times grow pale with terror.

He has received many answers to these questions.

"On the subject of pallor," he says, "there is little conflict of evidence. Many who have never observed blushes on the stage have seen lips and cheeks turn white under the make-up, or have been told that their own countenances blanch in scenes of terror. 'I have never known my color come and go, nor have I ever noticed it in any player,' writes Mr. Forbes Robertson; and Mr. Dion Boucicault notes with decision: 'No, never--don't believe in it.' These are almost the only thoroughgoing skeptics on the subject of pallor. Others (among whom I may mention Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal) admit that they have noticed it, but regard it as exceptional."

"Mrs. Kendal remarks that she once produced a very convincing effect of pallor in the scene in 'The School of Scandal,' but as that was due to a mouse running up the back of the screen, it is scarcely a case in point. Many, on the other hand, assert that the 'waning' of the visage is a common and even habitual accompaniment of imagined terror and kindred emotions. Among these I may name Mr. Clayton, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Augustus Harris, Miss Genevieve Ward, Miss Bateman, Miss Achurch, Miss Dorothy Dene and Miss Maud Milton. Mr. John Coleman writes: 'I have never known an artist, male or female, accustomed to the higher range of art who was not subject to these outward manifestations of the inward emotions,' and an experience of forty years in close association with most of the leading actors of that period certainly entitles Mr. Coleman to speak with authority. 'I often turn pale,' writes Miss Isabel Bateman, 'in scenes of terror or great excitement. I have been told this many times, and I can feel myself getting very cold and shivering and pale in thrilling situations.' 'When I am playing rage or terror,' Mr. Lionel Brough writes, 'I believe I do turn pale. My mouth gets dry, my tongue cleaves to my palate. In 'Bob Acres' for instance [in the last act] I have to continually moisten my mouth or I should become inarticulate. I have to 'swallow the lump,' as I call it."

James Owen O'Connor, sometimes called the tragedian, also has an opinion on the subject of tears, blushes and smiles on the stage, and puts it thus in verse:

She stood before the painting, with its painter: "A dauber, and its daub!" She sneered, her faith in artists growing fainter. And all her thoughts a-mob!

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FINANCE AND FOLLY.

A WALL STREET EPISODE.

Jersey's Morals Shocked--A Boston Jail in the Soup-- Buncoed to Death.

NEW CONFIDENCE GAME

The Female Detectives' Prey--Some High Life Scandals.

TITLES vs. MONEY.

Everybody down in Wall street is waiting for business to revive, and the slightest sign of a revival is hailed with delight. One of the signs the brokers swear by is the appearance of the fair sex on the Street. They have a saying on the Stock Board that the rustle of a petticoat and the rustle of a banknote go together. It has been lately noticed that pretty women, so long absent from the realms of finance, have commenced to put in their appearance again. You see them in the gallery at the Stock Exchange every day, and find them lunching in the good old style in the



HER HUSBY DINES THE CHORUS GIRLS.

brokers' offices, and if the turn in the tide has not yet come it must be approaching, unless the signs are false.

There is one broker, who has his offices in a big building on Broad street, who has won a wide reputation for his gallant adventures and his successes with the ladies of the stage. He is a clubman, and is married. His wife has a large fortune in her own right and is a lady of great spirit and determination of character. The other day, happening to be returning from a visit in Brooklyn, she thought she would call on her husband in his office and take him home with her, so she ordered her coachman to drive to the building where he was quartered.

It was just after the closing of the Exchange when she called into his office. His clerks were all out. The office boy told her that her husband was engaged in his private office, and she would probably have gone away had not the clatter of dishes and the ring of knife and fork caught her ear and made her suspicious, so she opened the private door and bolted in.

She found her hubby the centre of a group of three stylish young women from the chorus of an uptown theatre, engaged in washing down a canvass-back duck with libations of well-iced champagne.

When the janitor, alarmed at the row, came in, he found two of the young women in the hall without their bonnets, and the third hiding in a closet. As for the broker himself, he was trying to climb out of a window, while his wife vented her ire on him with her umbrella. She took him home in her coach, all the same, and it has been noticed that he now leaves the office as soon as his day's business is done, and that the clerks have strict orders not to admit a lady within his private room.

The man who does not get caught by his wife is, however, much more common on Wall street than the man who does. They are telling a good story on another broker, which illustrates this side of the question:

In this case, the giddy financier had his lady friend at lunch, when his better half came in. He heard her noise in the outside office, and said to his guest:

"There is my wife. Just sit down at the typewriter over there and pretend to be at work."

In a flash the fair guest's bonnet was off and she was making the typewriter click. When Mrs. Broker entered the private office she found her husband just finishing his lunch and dictating a letter to a very industrious young woman.

"So busy I can't find time to eat, my dear," said he. "Just wait one minute and I'll run out with you and buy you a diamond ring I saw this morning."

It was a narrow escape, but he got there all the same.

New Jersey, in spite of its foreign airs and manners, has an occasional spasm of virtue. It suffered such an attack the other day, at the expense of an Eatontown storekeeper somewhat celebrated for his tender weakness for the fair sex.

This worthy, it appears, was not content with worshipping beauty from afar. He also had a warm and no pitiable spot in his heart for it that led him to entertain it in his store at nights, where free lunches of sweet crackers and lemon soda added to the hilarity of the scene. Eatontown naturally came to hear of

these Pompeian debauches, and quite as naturally Eatontown's virtue experienced a shock.

The young men and boys of Eatontown, who would, perhaps, have liked to have been there themselves if they had owned a store and a supply of sweet crackers and lemon soda, constituted themselves a party of moral reform and took the cause of Jersey virtue under their protecting wing.

It was not long before the opportunity to enter upon their reformatory and purificatory work presented itself. One evening their scouts announced that the



EATONTOWN BOYS ON A LARK.

store in question was lighted up and that the popping of sarsaparilla corks was resounding on the air. The party of moral reform thereupon invested the scene of debauchery and awaited developments.

After an hour or so the front door opened and two young women came out. With a demoniac howl the party of moral reform burst on them from its ambush and chased them home, where they arrived more dead than alive. Then the reformers returned to mete out what they considered justice to the storekeeper himself.

He got it in the shape of a bushel or two of overripe hen-fruits and a two-mile run to his own house, pursued by a running fire of sticks, stones and hard words. He invested in a new suit of clothes the next day, and buried the old one in the back lot. Now he is running for the party of moral reform with a seven-shooter, and Eatontown is having a more lively time than it ever before experienced in its history.

Since Oliver Twist created a riot in the work-house by demanding a second plate of soup, nothing half as startling has occurred as the revolt in the South Boston House of Correction the other day. The denizens of this classic retreat did not, however, rebel because they did not get enough soup. In fact, they rebelled because they had more than enough, and what they had was not fit to eat.

It appears to be the policy in certain jails to give the prisoners a bill of fare, composed of what the prison pigs do not want. That the prisoners should enter an objection to this imposition on their gastronomic tastes is but human nature, and one can hardly blame the ringleader in the Boston outbreak for pushing his bowl of swill away and demanding something to eat.

"Hay!" cried the jailer. "What's the matter with the soup?"

"Do you call that soup?" asked the prisoner.

"Yes, I do; and it's good enough soup for any man," replied the turnkey.

"Then eat it yourself," retorted the prisoner, throwing it in his face.

Then the riot began. It required the combined warlike efforts of all the jail officers to force the convicts into their cells, and at last accounts the whole Boston police force was lying on its arms, ready to be called in to quell the insurrection.

This reminds me of a story that used to be told of the warden of a jail in this city during the Tweed time.



THEY OBJECT TO THE "SOUP" AT SOUTH BOSTON.

He was accused of furnishing inferior food to the prisoners. Of course he denied it, and an investigation was ordered. He led the committee into the jail kitchen and pointed out a big cauldron in which something was stewing.

"See that?" he asked.

As the visitors were not blind they did.

"Now see me," he said.

And taking out a ladle-ful, he blew on it to cool it and swallowed it. The committee went away satisfied that soup which the warden was not afraid to sup was good enough for jailbirds. But that night the warden was taken violently ill and the doctor was sent for.

"Why, the man is poisoned!" said he. "What has he been eating or drinking?"

"He took some of the jail soup, doctor," replied his weeping wife.

My God!" cried the practitioner. "Let me run for my stomach pump."

And he had to work till daylight to save his patient's life.

The modern bunco stealer generally allows his victim to escape with his life. In the case of J. C. Lonsdale, of Montreal, however, he did not give him even this half way fair chance.

Mr. Lonsdale was a wholesale dry goods man, and he came to New York with his wife on a visit of business and pleasure combined. On the train he met an agreeable young man, who said he was a nephew of Sir George Stephen, the Canadian banker, and the stranger and the dry goods merchant became quite chummy. When they parted at the Grand Central Depot, the stranger invited his new friend to call on him at his hotel.

Mr. Lonsdale called at the fashionable hotel where the stranger said he was stopping and met him in the office. They adjourned to the barroom and had a

Send 25 cents for COCKER'S GUIDE. It contains all the different rules and teaches how to train and fight game cocks.

drink. Then they had another and another. Finally, when everything had begun to assume a delicately rosy tint--for the dry goods man at least--his friend and entertainer suddenly remembered an engagement.

"Confound it," he cried, "I quite forgot that I had promised Mrs. X. to get her lottery ticket cashed for her to-day."

"And who is Mrs. X.?" asked the merchant.

"An awfully pretty woman, a friend of mine," replied the stranger. "But come along. I'll introduce you, and maybe I can get to the lottery office before they close up."

Mrs. X. received her friend and his friend with proper cordiality. She was so glad to meet them. Never mind the lottery ticket. They could get it cashed to-morrow. But her friend, who rejoiced in the name of Biglow, or said he did, insisted, and went off to see about it, leaving his Canadian guest to entertain her until his return.

The next thing Mr. Lonsdale knew he was back at his hotel sick and cleaned out. He had evidently been heavily drugged and badly beaten. He could not remember where Mrs. X.'s house was, and after a vain search for Biglow the police had to drop the case. When the victim returned to Canada he found that he had been forced or induced, while unconscious of his acts, to sign a check for \$1,200 and give it to his snarers. Payment of this check was promptly stopped. Then the holders attempted blackmail without success. What else would have happened it is difficult to prefigure, for at about this time Mr. Lonsdale died.

The doctors decided that he had succumbed to injuries received at the hands of the bunco men. Biglow and Mrs. X. are supposed to be a well-known



MR. LONSDALE MEETS MRS. BUNCO.

Madison Square bunco expert and his mistress, but their exact identity is not likely ever to be revealed.

Dead men tell no tales, and the dead dry goods man was the only person who might have identified him.

Speaking of bunco, a new and ingenious dodge in this line turned up in Brooklyn. Calvin Appar, of Hunterdon county, N. J., visited the City of Churches to attend the probating of a will. As he had to stay several days he hired a furnished room to make himself comfortable in.

As he strolled from his room to the court house to attend to the will business, a smooth-spoken young man stopped him.

"Why, Yoster, old fellow," he cried. "How are you and how are things over in Jersey?"

"Things over in Jersey are all right," replied Calvin.

"But I guess you are otherwise a little off. My name is Appar, not Yoster."

"Well," said the young man, "you're the image of my friend Yoster, of Newark. Come in and have a drink on it anyhow."

They had several drinks, and then the young man invited Calvin to come to his room with him and sample some fine old Jersey lightning his friend Yoster had sent him from Newark. When they got to the room the young man said:

"Now, Jayhawk, shell out!"

"What?" cried Calvin.

"Produce," said the young man. "Put up your scads or I'll give you away to the police for passing counterfeit money. I'm a detective, I am, and I know your game."

Calvin made a vain struggle and protested that he was as honest as the day was long, but finally handed over his cash and valuables, when the young man coolly walked off and left him to meditate on the mutability of human affairs and the peril of trusting to appearances--at any rate in such a pious city as Brooklyn.

The female detective is also making a predatory record for herself. A Chicago man suspected his wife of not being altogether as devoted to him as she might be, and employed a female detective to spot her. This expert reported progress to him every day, at his office, after his clerks had gone.

One evening she demanded a thousand dollars of him.

"What should I give you a thousand dollars for?" he demanded in astonishment.

"For trying to assault me," she said.

"But I haven't tried to assault you."

"That doesn't matter. People will believe me if I say so."

He squirmed like a skinned eel, but she had him. He gave her a check, while she guarded the door with a revolver, and she locked him in while she went off to get it cashed.

He has concluded to make up with his wife now. He finds the expenses of a divorce suit too heavy, perhaps.



THE CHICAGO FEMALE DETECTIVE'S WAY.

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High society in New York is commencing to talk about an impending divorce between an American widow who recently married an English duke and her husband.

Several reasons are given for the step. One is that the duchess is too fond of smoking a cigar after dinner, and that when her dual spouse remonstrated



THE DUCHESS ENJOYING HERSELF.

with her for it she whacked him over the head with a candlestick.

This is a very unlikely excuse, however, for it would suggest that the duke was getting the divorce, and this he would certainly not be likely to do, at least while his wife had any money left.

Another reason alleges that the duchess has applied for the divorce because the duke could not get her presented at Court, as he contracted to do when she consented to marry him. This is a more plausible explanation at any rate, for the duchess certainly was not presented, and by all accounts from England is not likely to be.

Her Majesty, Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen, etc., is an extremely straitlaced old lady, and she is not likely to either forgive a divorced and disgraced duke his offenses against society, or pardon a woman foolish enough to buy his title in order to gratify her vanity.

Another American duchess is also in trouble. This one secured a divorce from her American husband in order to marry a French duke. Now the duke is blowing in her money by the wagon load at Monte Carlo, and when she objects he is said to grab her jewelry and carry it off to the pawnshop.

There may be a lot of honor for an American woman in marrying a title, but by all appearances there is not enough comfort in it to make any one very weary.

HI FLYER.

SHE BROKE UP A SKIN GAME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Considerable of a sensation was created in Cheyenne and Bessemer, Wyo., a few days ago, by a raid made on Mike Farley's gambling house in Bessemer, which is a new town near Cheyenne, by Kate Maxwell, whom the cowboys of Wyoming have given the soubriquet of "Cattle Kate." Kate owns a cattle ranch near Cheyenne, and has been annoyed for some time by the men in her employ frequenting the place, thus neglecting their business and obliging her in many instances to make up their losses out of her own purse by advancing their wages. Forbearance finally ceased to be a virtue, and Kate determined to raid Farley's place. Strapping on her belt, with two six-shooters, she started for Bessemer with a man named Mason. They entered the gambling house together. Kate walked up to the faro table and said to Farley: "You've robbed my men at a brace and I want the money back."

Farley smiled and reached for his revolver in a drawer. As he did so Kate covered the gambler with her gun. Her retainers leveled their revolvers at the rest of the attaches of the shop. Farley was compelled to deliver up \$9,000. Then Kate cleared the place and set fire to the house, which was burned to the ground.

WHIPPED BY A CRUEL MATRON.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An investigation into the management of the Hubbell Park Orphan Asylum by the State Board of Charities, Rochester, N. Y., has developed startling facts.

Witnesses, former nurses of the asylum, swore, among other things, that the matron, Mrs. Louisa Knight, has repeatedly whipped the little children committed to her charge on the bare skin with raw-hides until their flesh was cut in pieces and blood ran down their bodies, and that she has caused the children to be tied up in bags and placed in dark closets and in the cellar for disobedience. The managers of the asylum deny these charges in the face of this testimony, and the matter will probably go to the courts.

SARAH LOONEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The murder of Mrs. H. C. Arrington, at Tullahoma, Tenn., on Feb. 4, by Sarah Looney, a portrait of whom will be seen on another page, was one of the most atrocious crimes that ever took place in that State. The murderess, after beating her victim into an almost unconscious state about the head with a heavy bill of wood, dragged her body to a well and tried to throw it in. She was arrested at Manchester, a short distance away, and barely escaped lynching, her sex only saving her.

POURED OIL ON THE FIRE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A terrible accident occurred in the home of James Wescott, at Summit, Pa., on Friday morning. Miss Jennie Walters, the servant, in trying to light the fire in the kitchen stove with kerosene oil, was burned so badly by her clothing catching fire that she subsequently died.

REV. ELIJAH LUCAS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We present to our readers on another page the portrait of the Rev. Elijah Lucas, a popular Baptist minister of Trenton, N. J., who accuses Morris C. Werkheiser of criminal libel for publicly accusing him of immorality. The trial, which is now in progress, brings out many spicy developments, in which a Miss Mary A. Bassett figures prominently.

Send 2-cent stamp for our catalogue of boxing gloves and all kinds of sporting and theatrical goods.



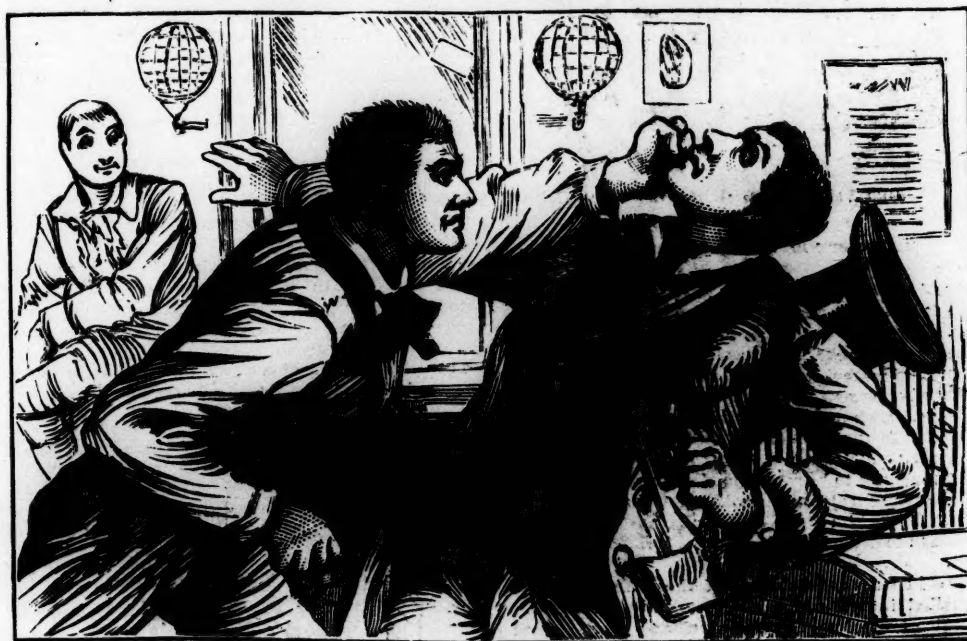
EDWARD H. SOTHERN,
THE CLEVER AND POPULAR IMPERSONATOR OF LORD CHUMLEY, NOW TOURING
THE UNITED STATES.



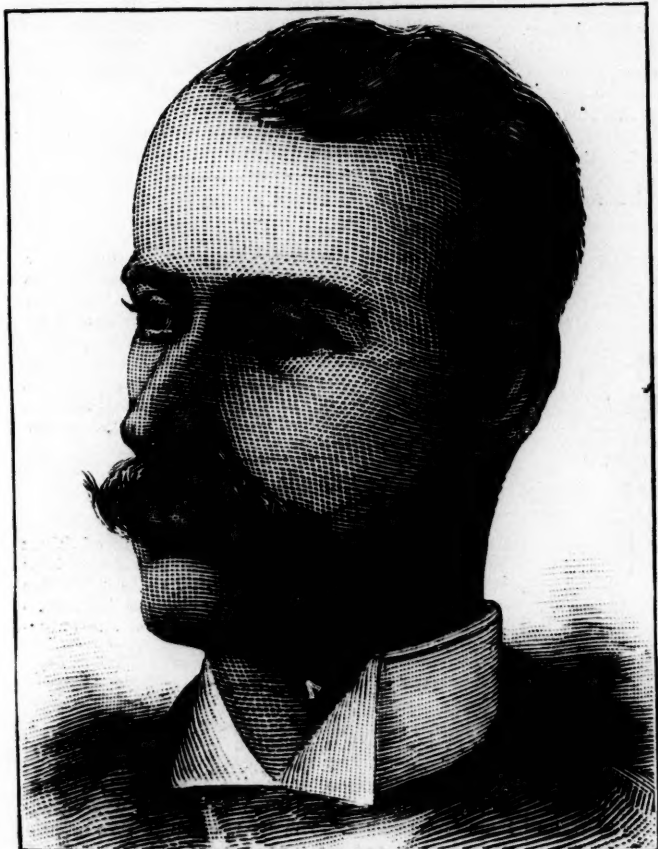
FLOY CROWELL,
ONE OF THE YOUNGEST OF AMERICAN STARS NOW WINNING SUCCESS IN REPERTORY.



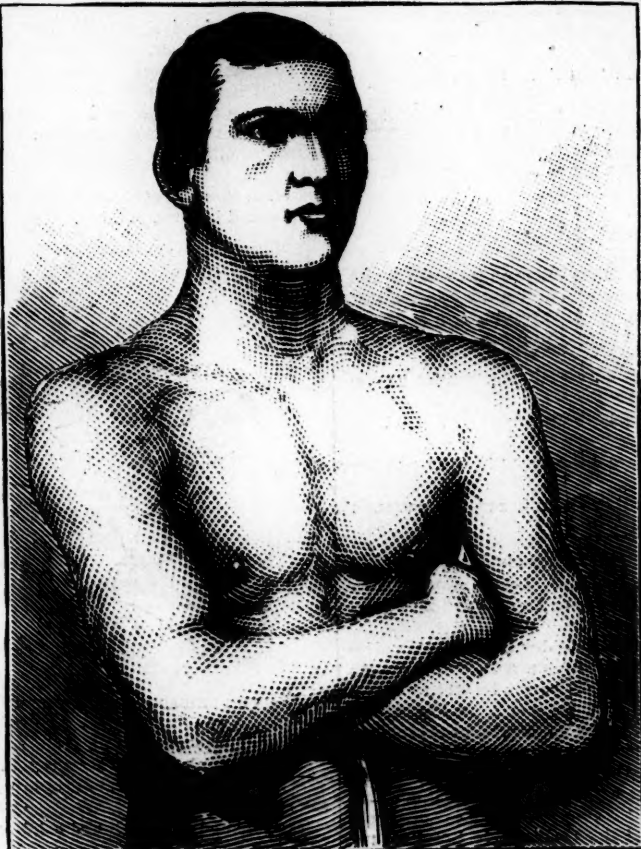
WOULDN'T STAND BEING CALLED A LIAR.
PASTOR RAMSEY OF THE AFRICAN BAPTIST CHURCH AT COLUMBUS, GA., GOES FOR
DEACON TURNER WITH BLOOD IN HIS EYE.



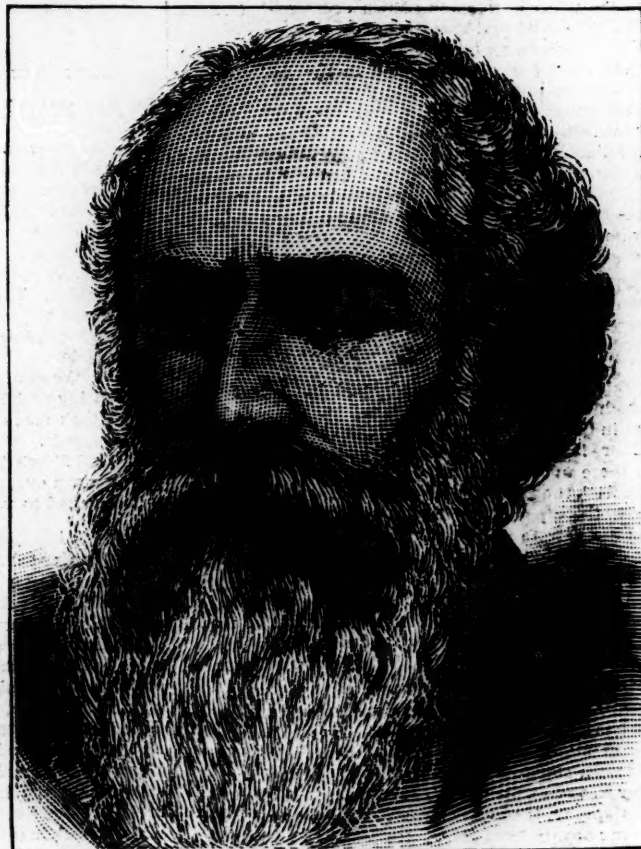
THE COMEDIAN'S NOSE WAS BROKEN.
HOW A PROMINENT THEATRICAL MAN CAME TO GRIEF AT ALBANY, NEW YORK,
WHILE TRYING TO PAINT THE TOWN RED.



"MAJOR" HENRI LE CARON,
ALIAS THOMAS WALLIS BEACH, A NOTORIOUS SPY, EMPLOYED TO
RUIN PARNELL, THE POPULAR IRISH AGITATOR.



TED PRITCHARD,
THE WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST WHOM IT
IS PROPOSED TO MATCH AGAINST JACK DEMPSEY.



RICHARD PIGOTT,
THE SELF-CONFESSED AUTHOR OF SEVERAL FORGED LETTERS DE-
ROGATORY TO THE HOME RULE MOVEMENT.



THEY ENFORCE THE LAW.
CITY MARSHAL C. N. BRYAN AND HIS EFFICIENT DEPUTIES H. BARKER AND ED. THOMAS, OF SYRACUSE, KANSAS.



POURED OIL ON THE FIRE.
HOW MISS JENNIE WALTERS, MRS. JAMES WESCOTT'S SERVANT AT SUMMIT, PA., LOST HER LIFE BY HER OWN CARELESSNESS.



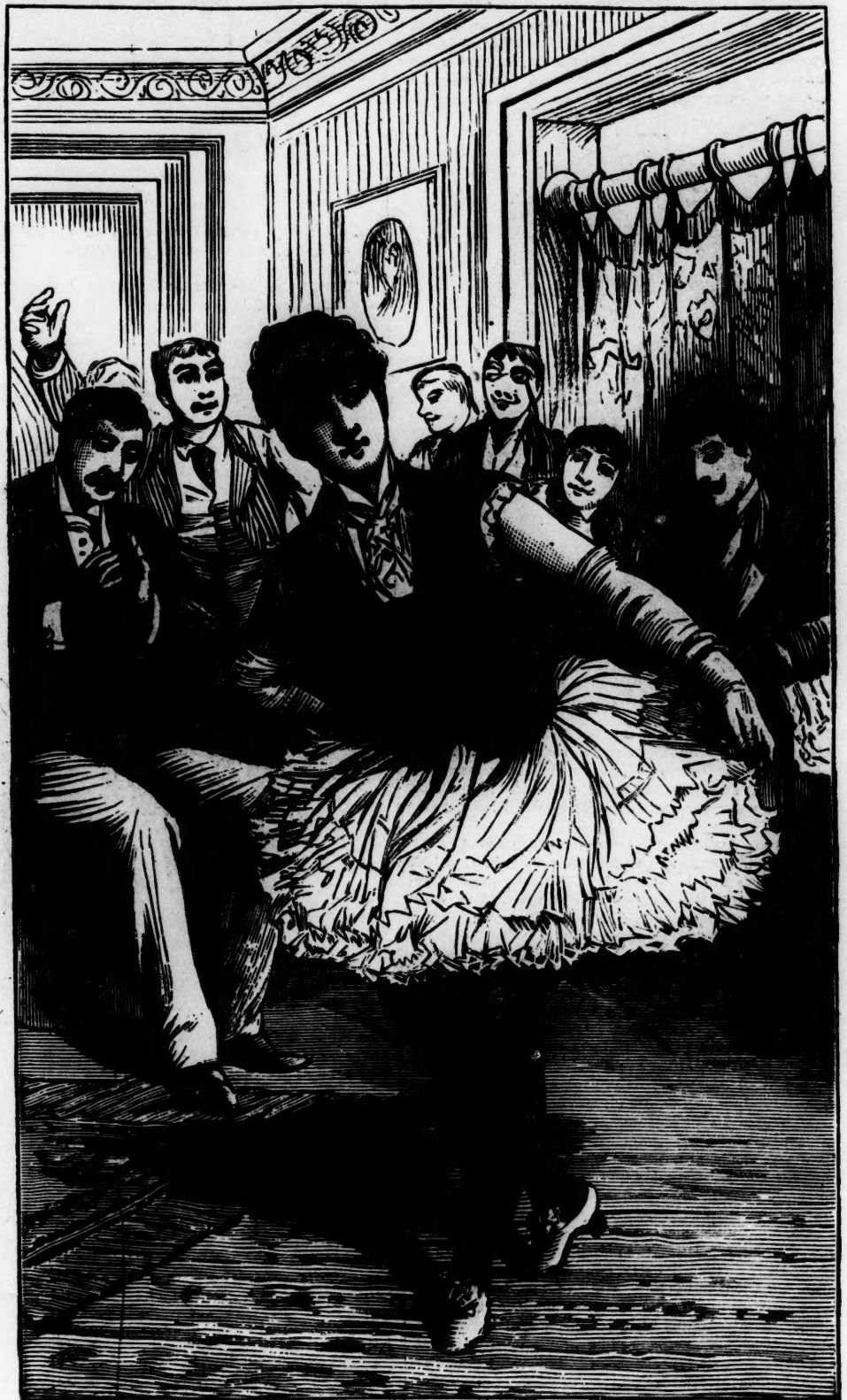
TOO FOND OF THE LADIES.
MERCHANT LITTLETON WHITE OF EATONTOWN, N. J., FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF AN INDIGNANT MOB FOR CERTAIN ALLEGED IMMORALITIES.



HENRY DIECKMAN,
LATE MEMBER OF THE ST. LOUIS MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, A HEAVY DEFAULTER.



CORA WILSON,
NOTORIOUS FEMALE SHOVEL OF QUEER, RECENTLY ARRESTED AT HUTCHINSON, KAN.



DANCED IN ABBREVIATED SKIRTS.
A DIVORCE SUIT AT NEWBURGH, N. Y., DEVELOPS HOW MRS. GEORGE MASSIE OF NEW YORK CITY CELEBRATED GENERAL HARRISON'S ELECTION.



SARAH LOONEY,
THE ATROCIOUS MURDERESS OF MRS. H. C. ARINGTON AT TULLAHOMA, TENN.



MISS BESSIE POTTS,
A READING, PA., BELLE WHO WAS DUPED BY STANLEY RICHARDSON OF BOSTON, MASS.

HER CRIMES!

The Extraordinary Career of
Mrs. Lyons, Alias Mme.
de Varney.

PICKPOCKET AND BLACKMAILER

Arrested in Paris She Hoodwinks
the Authorities and Secures
Her Discharge.

INSPECTOR BYRNES' NARRATIVE.

A New York newspaper of Wednesday published a cablegram from Paris under the heading, "An Outrageous Arrest." It stated that an American lady named De Varney, who is ignorant of the French language, was arrested a little over a week ago at the Arc



SOPHIE LYONS.

de Triomphe on the charge of being a pickpocket. After three days' confinement she was liberated and told that her arrest was a mistake. Having forgotten her money and jewels, she returned to claim them, when she was rearrested and sent to the Prison Saint Lazare.

There was considerable feeling over the arrest at the time, and many Parisians felt that an injustice had been done to an American lady. An Englishman interested himself in the case, with the result that on July 23 the prisoner was given provisional liberty until her case should be finally decided.

In the course of a conversation with the Inspector the other day the subject of women as pickpockets was touched upon, and I took the opportunity to ask him if he knew anything about a woman passing by the name of Mme. de Varney, who had been arrested for picking pockets in Paris. To my astonishment Inspector Byrnes unhesitatingly replied: "Yes, I know who she is and all about her. The French authorities were imposed upon by this woman. Of course they have not communicated with me, but I received information of her arrest and subsequent discharge. You want to know who she is, and I say to you that she is one of the most notorious criminals I have ever known and one of the worst women. Her father and mother, sisters and brothers were all thieves. Two husbands that she took unto herself were both thieves. Her son died in State Prison, and her legitimate husband is now in prison in this country. She has half a dozen aliases and is now doing the Continent with some of our most expert American criminals. Two months ago the notorious Jim Brady, after doing a sentence of twelve years in Auburn Prison, was discharged, and on hearing that Madame (as we will call her for the present) was on the other side, he raised money from some source and started out to join her. She is a clever woman, very ladylike, of dark complexion and has slightly Hebraic features."

Then, taking a bundle of papers from a drawer, Inspector Byrnes went on to give this romantic career of the woman:

"Mme. de Varney, alias Sophie Lyons and half a dozen other aliases, is the daughter of a notorious shoplifter named Elkins. The Elkins family consisted of Elkins, his wife, one son and two daughters, all of whom were in different prisons at one time for various offences."

"In the year 1893 Elkins and his son were in prison in New Jersey for blackmail. A short time afterward the mother was sent to the penitentiary for shoplifting. The eldest daughter, now deceased, was on Blackwell's Island for keeping a disorderly house in the Fourth ward, this city, and Sophie, by far the most interesting criminal of the family, was in prison for picking pockets."

"In the spring of 1899, when she was about twelve years old, Sophie, who then was known as Sophie Levy, was arrested in this city with a woman named Kate Gorman, alias 'Red Kate,' for pocket picking. This Gorman woman was said to be the wife of John Leary, alias 'Red' Leary, who was killed on Sixth avenue some eight months ago. As a child thief Sophie was a perfect wonder. She was frequently arrested, but her victims failed to prosecute the child on account of her tender years."

"When about sixteen years old Sophie made the acquaintance of a notorious pickpocket named 'Maury' Harris, to whom she was soon afterward married. But before the honeymoon was well over Sophie was arrested

Estimates given on fitting up complete gymnasia. For further particulars write Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York, enclosing two-cent stamp.

ed for picking pockets and was sent to Sing Sing for two years. After serving this term she added to her pocket-picking business that of shoplifting, at which she became very expert. A little later on she became very intimate with the notorious Henry Newman, alias Dutch Heinrichs, the most successful bank sneak of his day. After remaining with this man a short time she married a celebrated bank burglar named Ned Lyons. This man had a little money put aside and he persuaded Sophie to discontinue stealing. This she did for several years, and appeared to be quite happy and contented with her new husband. They had four children, and not until after the birth of her last child

"While in Boston Mrs. Lyons made the acquaintance of a man named Brock, who afterward kept a dive on Sixth avenue, this city. When Lyons was released from prison and he heard of the relations between Brock and his wife he sought them out, and the two men exchanged shots at each other. After this Lyons and his wife patched up their differences, and taking apartments together recommenced their old way of living. On one occasion the pair went to a fair on Long Island, where both were arrested for picking pockets. Sophie was discharged, but her husband was taken to Connecticut to serve out an unexpired term for bank robbery, he having broken jail in that State."



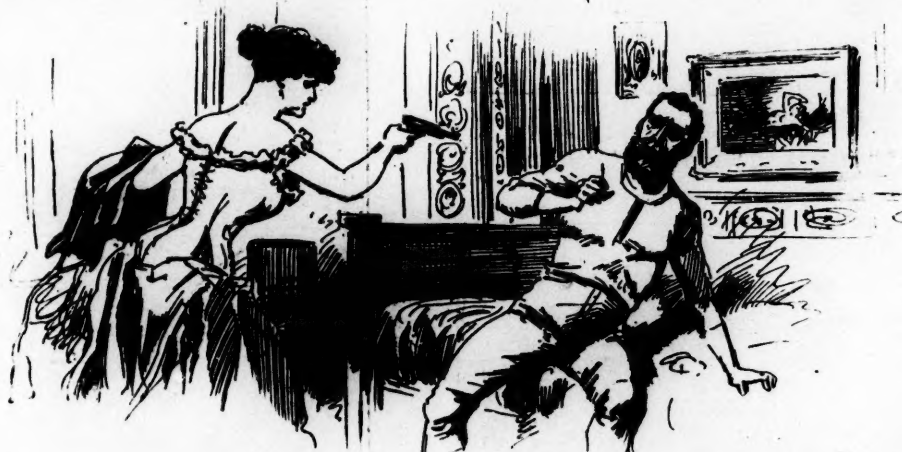
ARRESTING AN ALLEGED FEMALE PICKPOCKET AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

did she return to her old vocation of pocket picking. Lyons had meanwhile been arrested and sent to Sing Sing.

"During the year 1872 Sophie Lyons was arrested as she came out of Stewart's store on Broadway. I was then Captain of the Fifteenth Precinct station house, and Sophie was brought there and searched. On her was found property belonging to the late A. T. Stewart, as also goods stolen from Lake & McCree's store, then at Eleventh street and Broadway. On that occasion she was again sent to Sing Sing for a term of five years. Some ten days previous to this, her husband, who had been an inmate of the same prison, effected his escape and learning of his wife's arrest and incarceration he determined to effect her escape. He hired a conveyance, and with some confederates drove to

"Sophie's next move was to travel through the country lecturing with some man with whom she had become acquainted. At that period of her remarkable career she was living in a very reputable house on Fifth avenue; and while living there she became acquainted with Madame Touche, the female broker, who was arrested by myself in this city in 1870 for enticing women to gamble in stocks. Sophie was interested in this little game also, she being what is known as a 'capper'."

"For the last three or four years Sophie has been going around the country in company with some bank sneaks, and they have been very successful in their operations. They worked generally in this way: One of the thieves would drive Sophie in a buggy up to some country bank about dinner time, when only one or



SOPHIE ENTERED THE ROOM AND SEIZING HIS CLOTHES THREW THEM OUT OF THE WINDOW.

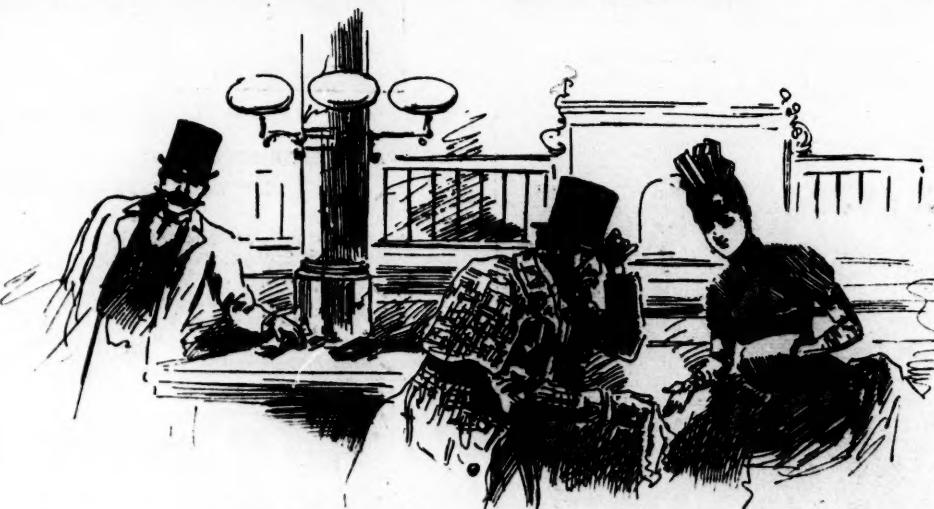
Sing Sing, and by some device—which is not given in the records—they succeeded in liberating Sophie and they all fled to Canada.

"Lyons and his wife, after their escape had blown over, removed to Detroit, Mich., where Lyons bought a little property and made some show of settling down. They had not been long in Detroit, however, before Lyons, with two other notorious criminals, was arrested for an attempt to rob a bank at Waterford, N. Y. While he was in jail his wife, Sophie, commenced a bold game of blackmail which started one or two of Detroit's baldheads."

"One of her victims was a rich old man who visited her by appointment. He proposed remaining in her house over night, but when he had prepared himself to

perhaps two clerks would be in the office. Jumping out of the buggy the thief would say to the clerk: 'Oh, eh, Mrs. So and So is outside and she wants to consult you about some stocks. She would get out of her buggy and come into the bank, but she is very lame.' The clerk would go out to the lady and the thieves would slip in quietly and pocket all they could get their paws on."

"About fifteen months ago this woman went with two confederates into a Brooklyn bank, and while a gentleman was counting \$800 that had been handed him by the cashier Sophie tapped him on the shoulder and said, 'I have dropped my handkerchief; won't you kindly pick it up for me?' The gentleman stooped down for the handkerchief and one of the confeder-



THE GENTLEMAN STOOPED DOWN TO PICK UP THE HANDKERCHIEF WHILE ONE OF HER CONFEDERATES TOOK OFF THE COUNTER \$700.

retire Sophie entered his room, and seizing his clothes threw them out of the window. Then drawing a pistol from her pocket she forced him to sign a check for a large amount of money, and this she duly cashed. Her character as a thief and blackmailing becoming known to the Detroitians Sophie packed up her goods and chattels, and the next time she was heard from she was plying her nefarious practices in cultivated Boston. There she attempted to blackmail a gentleman in one of the leading hotels. In this case she got her victim to give her a check for \$10,000, but he managed to get to the bank ahead of Sophie and had payment stopped.

ates stepped up and took off the counter \$700 of the \$800. Sophie simply thanked the gentleman for his kindness and calmly walked away."

"In the early part of last spring Sophie left New York with two notorious American thieves, and the next I heard about her was that she and her crooked friends were operating very successfully in Europe. She, however, has an ungovernable temper, and after quarreling with the men they separated. But she was never at a loss for friends. She had formed the acquaintance of an English thief, and my information is that she is now working with him in Paris, where she is known as 'Mme. de Varney,' and where she was ar-

rested in July for picking pockets and afterward discharged. This 'Mme. de Varney' and Sophie Elkins, alias Levy, alias Lyons alias Harris, are one and the same person. Two of her associates who went to Europe about the time she sailed for the purpose of joining her on the other side have since been arrested in Geneva and both convicted."

"As I have said, Mrs. Lyons had four children—three girls and one boy. The boy followed in the footsteps of his father, and turned out to be a professional thief. He died in Auburn Prison. One good thing the parents did for the girls, and that was to send them to a good school and keep them ignorant of the life led by their mother. I believe they are now in a convent school at Montreal, and I don't think they are aware of their mother's profession."

DRIVEN FROM HER HOME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Nellie Carr, a young woman, committed suicide at Denver, Col., a few days ago because of a misunderstanding between her and her husband, who was led to believe in consequence of rumors derogatory to her character that she was unfaithful to him.

Stories affecting her reputation had been going around for several weeks, and one day Mr. Carr received several letters in which his wife's reputation was assailed.

He showed them to her and she denied that they were true. There was a stormy scene, which ended in his ordering her out of the house and telling her that he never wanted to look upon her face again.

Mrs. Carr went to a neighboring hotel and looked herself in the room assigned her. Shortly she was found dead in the room, having taken poison to end her miserable life.

OUR WEEKLY SPORTING PANORAMA.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In this issue we publish a combination illustration of Annie Oakley and Phil Daly, Jr., shooting at 50 pigeons at Elkwood Park, N. J.; Frank Hart winning the six-day go-as-you-please race at the Pavilion, San Francisco; the great horseshoe-turning match between David Meredith and James Donelan for \$1,000 and the championship at Madison Square Garden, which ended in a draw; the recent raid on the cocking main at Flushing, L. I.; John L. Sullivan entertaining his friends at the Hoffman House, New York city, and the wrestling match at Boston between James C. Daly, of New York, and Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete.

FRESHMEN WHO WERE TOO FRESH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Several students of the freshmen class in Wesleyan College, at Middletown, Conn., on Washington's Birthday amused themselves by firing off bombs, one of which was placed in the Observatory Hall and was accidentally picked up by a student, Nelson C. Hubbard. While examining it, it exploded, carrying away two fingers of his right hand, badly lacerating his left hand, causing painful flesh wounds between the knee and hip of his right leg, and cutting a gaping wound in his abdomen. Hubbard fell to the floor, the blood pouring from his wounds. His fellow-students went to his aid and found the first finger-bones of his right hand protruding through the flesh.

MURDERED BY A SALOONKEEPER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Terence McKiernan, in his own saloon at Union City, Conn., on Monday night shot and killed Michael Cleary. The shooting was the result of a dispute. Cleary threatened to whip McKiernan, when McKiernan retorted: "If I fight it will be with lead." Cleary laughed scornfully and said: "Fahaw, you dare not shoot." McKiernan fired, and Cleary dropped to the floor fatally injured.

WOULDN'T STAND BEING CALLED A LIAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Columbus, Ga., says that services in the African First Baptist Church of that city on Thursday night were broken up by a row between Pastor Ramsey and Deacon Turner, who called the former a liar. The pastor leaped over the pulpit and went for the deacon red-hot. Officers finally rushed in and arrested Parson Ramsey, and quiet was restored.

HENRY DEICKMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Henry Deickman, the absconding member of the Merchants' Exchange at St. Louis, Mo., will be seen on another page. He is a defaulter to the extent of \$300,000, representing the inheritance of the seven Meyer heirs and the three Gage heirs.

A CHINESE LILY.

How it Helped to Win a Louisiana State Lottery Prize.

S. E. Davis, a well-known rancher of Firebaugh, Fresno, Cal., owes his luck in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery to a Chinaman in his employ. The gentleman, who was in this city from January 18th to January 21st, stopping at the Lick House, told the story to Louis Schoenberg of 322 Sanson street, who cashed the prize of \$15,000 which Mr. Davis won with ticket No. 5,332. Two weeks prior to the drawing the Chinese servant of Mr. Davis gave him a Chinese lily bulb, a very common present among the Chinese, as they believe it brings good luck between the giver and receiver. The bulb was placed in water and supported by small stones as usual. Rapidly as these lilies always grow, this particular one blossomed in the unusually short time of a week. The Chinaman, seeing it, became very much excited, considering it as an omen of great good fortune to his master, whom he implored to send to San Francisco for some lottery tickets. Mr. Davis actually did send, never expecting anything from what he considered the Chinaman's crazy idea.

When the winning numbers were telegraphed here one of the coupons had thus found its way, thanks to the Chinese servant, into Mr. Davis' possession. He at once came up to San Francisco as stated, and through Mr. Schoenberg received confirmation of the good news that he was the winner of \$15,000. The Chinaman has also benefited by his master's luck, for recognizing the cause of his purchasing a ticket, Mr. Davis presented the Mongol with \$1,500, and the Chinese lily is now regarded a more lucky flower than ever.—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, Feb. 11.

Send 25 cents for COCKER'S GUIDE. It contains all the different rules and teaches how to train and fight game cocks.

COCKING MAINS.

Tricks Practised to Win Money Wagered on Matches.

"RINGING THE CHANGES."

Breeding Places for Game Fowls—How They Should be Kept.

MANY POINTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

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CONTINUED.

In cock fighting, like in all other branches of sport, the backers of the fowl, and especially the handlers, engage in various unfair practices to win the money wagered on the result.

For instance the handler or the party who sets the game bird on the scratch may, providing it is to his pecuniary advantage to do so, break the bird's thigh with his fingers and thumb in less time than it takes to chronicle it, or he may, by pressing the thumbs hard on the cock's kidneys, or by grasping him tightly by the vent, cause him to lose the battle when otherwise he could have won. In fighting game fowl, as in fighting dogs, and running and trotting horses, sometimes there is more made by losing a fight, main or race than by winning the same. If handlers—I mean professional heelers and handlers—of game fowl and fighting dogs, would upbraid their secrets what an interesting and sensational tale they could unfold of how "battles royal," shakebags and important mains have

tive referee who will watch every move made by both handlers when such an emergency as related occurs. Many have a trick of using foul gaffs. These are round on one side, but on the upper side, or that next the body of the cock, they are sharpened with an edge like a knife; others are three-edged, or bayonet-pointed. In fact, no handler, backer or breeder of game fowls can be too particular in examining the opponent's spurs; which, to be fair, should be perfectly round to the socket and smooth or polished. The best and fairest gaffs now used, East, West, North and South, is what is known as the "Police Gazette" gaff. They are one inch and a quarter to one inch and a half, and the socket is made perfectly round. They are in great demand this side of the Rocky Mountains.

Another favorite device in cock fighting, both in mains and single matches, is for one person to have two cocks taken into the pit, one carried by himself and the other by some person secretly acting in conjunction with him. A bona fide match is then apparently arranged, the handlers and the man who owns the birds knowing full well which one is to win, as one is what is termed in cock-fighting phraseology a duffer and the other well bred. The unsophisticated who have assembled on purpose to bet and speculate on the result wait to see the betting commence, and they lose their money. If a handler wishes to gain an advantage in weight, he will see his opponent's bird



A WINNING COCK.

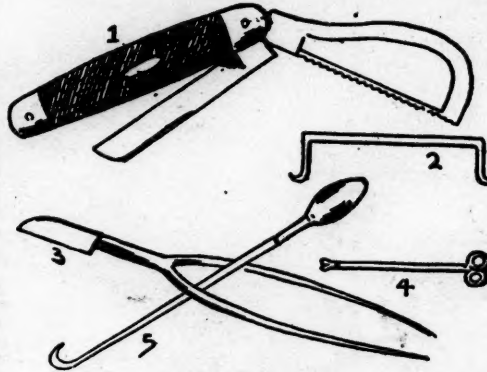
weighed, as some one may take a two-ounce weight, the hollow of which is filled with tallow, and stick it close to the bottom of the scale in which the proper weights are unseen, and by these means make the cock in which he is interested two or four ounces heavier than the other, while appearing to be of the same weight.

The scales, therefore, should be narrowly examined, as, even if one does not look up at the beam, the slightest touch of a small stick or the brim of a hat on some one's head will make a difference.

The fowls of both parties should be weighed by the very same weights, for, if the least chance is afforded, false weights may be substituted.

Cocks that are meant to fight by gaslight should receive the last meals by gaslight each day, about the hour appointed for the main, and cocks that are intended for battle, should never be seen nor touched by anyone but the breeder or feeder, otherwise some one might tamper with its food.

Sometimes the handler will rub the face of a sound, well-trained cock with flour and grease, or chalk and



COCK FIGHTER'S TOOLS.

1. Hoel saw. 2. Spring retractor. 3. Forceps and knife. 4. Double canula for twisting wire. 5. Spoon and hook.

grease to make him look haggard, weary and stale, or with blacking and grease to make him look unsound, so that where he is pitted odds will be laid against him. Should the handler be called from his cocks and the owner allow some pretended friendly person to assist him in heeling or weighing, he does so at a great risk. It should not be done, therefore, for the person in question may injure one of the birds by crippling it in an instant.

In case a cock, after having been chopped, becomes so weak as to be unable to do so again, his second or handler, in pretending to set him to, beak to beak, with his opponent, only puts him near him and allows his head to drop under the breast of his opponent to prevent him from feeling him, the latter might chop in return and win the battle according to rules. The fowls should always be beated back to back.

If a cock has but one eye, he should not be again



REFUSING FIGHT.

pitted until his handler is convinced that he sees his adversary, but if the "heeler" of the opposite bird can, he will pit his cock on the blind side, and a referee should always have his eyes open when one of the cocks fighting have what is termed "a blinker."

When both cocks are so distressed that neither can scarcely hold up their heads and no longer peck each other, the second of one cock, in setting him or breasting with the other, beak to beak, may raise his head with one hand, and with the other, by suddenly



HANDLERS PULLING OUT GAFFS.

raising the cock's tail, bob him on the other cock and make it appear as if he had chopped or pecked when no such thing took place.

A well-bred breed of cocks will generally win the odd battle in a main when they are equally matched. A well-bred race horse is nearly the same as a well-bred game fowl, breeding giving both supremacy over bad crosses and half-breeds.

In breeding game fowls, the breeding place should be well aired and free from other cocks but the breed, lest the hens should be trod by more than one cock. The roosts should be low, as the heavy fowls otherwise would, in descending, cripple themselves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHE WAS A MAN.

From the Shenandoah Valley this time comes a remarkable story of a man-woman who grew up to maturity without his real sex being discovered or even suspected. He is now married to one of the fair sex, and was at the time the startling discovery was made "postmistress" of Rest Post Office, Frederick county, Va. The name of this singular personage is Becky Payne. At the time of the war she was 20 years old. She displayed strong masculine tendencies, and by tacit consent became the acknowledged business head of the family, and while called "Becky" by the neighbors, was more generally known as "Boss" by the neighbors. While a child and of a school age, Becky, who for the present must be referred to as of the feminine gender, was sent to the Wesleyan Methodist Female College in Staunton, Va., and there educated with the other girls. She was of strong physique and will and had a natural aptitude for learning. These qualifications made her a leader in the college and an authority with the many room-mates she had as she passed rapidly from one class to another, for studies were mere trifles to her and she could not wait to journey with the slower students. By this quickness she was enabled to graduate with honors at an early age, and the returned gladly to the farm, where she could be unrestrained in the exercise of her inclinations. Sheridan's ride in the Shenandoah was not a circumstance to some of the feats of this daring woman. Mounted on a mettlesome roan, it was a sight to see her with streaming hair coming down the Winchester pike, clearing toll-gate bars if the keeper was slow, and taking fences or ditches without hesitancy as they came. "That girl will wind up bad," was often said with much head wagging. When Becky's means increased she erected a two-story building fronting directly on the pike and opened a country store, and generally taking in her elder sister, Miss Betty, as senior partner, hung out a sign bearing the legend:

Misses B. & L. R. Payne, General Store.

Other houses grew up about the place, and enterprising Becky induced the Government to establish a post-office there under the name of Rest Post Office, Frederick county, Va., and she was made its postmistress. Business cares were accumulating too rapidly, and in September, 1883, she hired a clerk for the store. The clerk was a Miss Sarah M. Hinton, aged thirty-five. Miss Hinton was averse to occupying the building alone, and Becky therefore transferred her own effects from the family mansion, away back from the road, to the postoffice, and the two then became joint occupants.

The store had been in operation a year and a half when Becky, from association begotten of a close intimacy, told Miss Hinton the story of her life and its suspicions. She confided her belief that she was a man, because of certain physical changes she had undergone. Owing to the substitution of an old negro mammy for a regular physician at Becky's birth her sex had been misstated, although she was pronounced by the midwife "a curus gnhl child," and thus she had gone through life without a chance to confide her secret until Miss Hinton came in her way. This was the story told that eventful night and then marriage was discussed. They agreed that Becky should be examined by a physician, and if he decided that she was a male they would call in the services of a clergyman. Mounting her horse the next morning she rode to Winchester and stated her case to Dr. W. P. McGuire, and he pronounced the judgment which changed the whole future of Becky's life. The next visit was to an attorney, Major Connor, who was made acquainted with the facts and asked to obtain a masculine name for his client from the Legislature. This could not be done, as the Legislature was not to convene for three months.

He—for Becky from this out must be written of in the masculine gender—then went to the old, silver-haired County Clerk in Winchester and asked for a marriage license. The old clerk was astonished and grieved, flatly refused to issue the paper, and privately sent word to Becky's relatives to come up and take him home, for something was wrong with him. Becky next sought out a kind relative, J. Vance Bell, who resides just out of Winchester, and first knocking him out with the story, induced him to put on his hat and go to town and bring Becky a suit of men's clothing. He returned with the suit, and donning it, Becky rode over to Martinsburg, in another county, and readily obtained a marriage license, although it had to read that permission was given "Lydia Rebecca Payne to marry Sarah M. Hinton."

The following day the wedding occurred at Payne's Chapel, at the old family homestead. Rev. John Land-

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strum, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and formerly chaplain of Confederate Gen. Jeb Stuart's command, performed the ceremony. The news had spread, and everybody for miles around was there.

Becky's name has since been changed. Retaining his initials, he now has them read Lawrence Register Payne. Two children are the issue of this union.

DANCED IN ABBREVIATED SKIRTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Some unique testimony was adduced recently at Newburgh, N. Y., in the divorce suit of George Massie, of New York, against his wife, Eliza. He is an engineer employed in a cigar manufactory on Forty second street, New York. Mrs. Massie is a fine-looking woman of about thirty years of age. Elliott Polhemus, the co-respondent, is a handsome young wagonmaker, of Middle Hope, a suburb of Newburgh, where Massie formerly lived. Mr. and Mrs. Massie have been married fifteen years, and have three children.

Massie was in the habit of coming to his country home once a week, generally on Saturday night. Last November he heard strange stories respecting his wife's doings in his absence, and, returning home one night unexpectedly, found the co-respondent in the house. A confession from Polhemus followed, leading to the suit for divorce. The children have resided with the father in New York since the suit was commenced.

At the trial Polhemus admitted his guilt, and Henry Nelson, another of the co-respondents, also testified. Among other testimony adduced was the statement to the effect that, on the night of a chowder given to the Carlisle Battery at Middle Hope last November, Mrs. Massie entertained a number of friends at her home. The hostess appeared in short skirts and gave an exhibition of her ability to dance. After doing this, to the edification and delight of the male guests, she hugged and kissed the boys in honor of the election of Harrison. She then continued to celebrate in a very enthusiastic manner. This was done in the presence of the children, and they were frequently cautioned not to slip a word of it to their father.

THE COMEDIAN'S NOSE WAS BROKEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special to the New York World from Albany, N. Y., dated Feb. 22, says that a well-known comedian, while having a week's vacation from his professional duties recently struck that town, and was in an almost constant state of exhalation. He strayed into the dressing-rooms of Jacobs & Proctor's Theatre Thursday night just as the male members of the company were donning their every-day costumes. He not only made comments on Edward Cameron's costume, which the latter was engaged in carefully putting away, but took one of the garments and tossed it across the room. Cameron warned him to desist, when he, now in an ugly mood, scattered the entire wardrobe over the floor. This was too much for Cameron. He struck the meddlesome comedian a blow on the nose that broke it. The men then clinched and were having it hot when Manager Monroe interfered and parted them.

TOO FOND OF THE LADIES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lyttleton White, a prominent merchant of Easton, N. J., says a special from that town, Feb. 22, has been the subject for some time of rumors affecting his moral standing. The names of several young women who bear unblemished reputations, and who belong to good families have been mentioned with him unpleasantly. The matter came to a head one night last week, when two young women were seen to go into Mr. White's store after it had apparently been closed for the night. A crowd of men and boys gathered about the store and waited. The two young women finally went out of a rear door of the building and started for their homes. When Mr. White came out to go home the mob gave him a very warm reception, pelting him with rotten eggs until he reached his house.

MISS BESSIE POTTS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A most sensational story and sad sequel has just come to light in connection with the young lady whose portrait will be seen on another page. It is alleged she was duped into a mock marriage by Stanley Richardson, of Boston. Previous to this unfortunate occurrence, she was one of the belles of Reading, Pa., a great favorite on account of her beauty and many amiable qualities. She became acquainted nearly two years ago with Richardson, who completely fascinated her, and married her under the name of E. D. Richardson, Oct. 31 last. A brother of Miss Potts, shortly after the marriage, saw an advertisement in a Boston paper inquiring for Stanley Richardson, of that city, who had heartlessly deserted his family, and, struck by the similarity of names, began an investigation, which proved his brother-in-law and the husband of the destitute woman in Boston to be one and the same.

THEY ENFORCE THE LAW.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page this week we present to our readers a graphic picture of Western life, in the photograph of City Marshal C. M. Bryan and his two deputies, H. Barker and Ed. Thomas, of Syracuse, Kan. These three men are known all over the State, and have been in many hot county seat fights in Southwestern Kansas, where Marshal Bryan and his men carried away the honors.

MORRIS C. WERKHEISER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We publish in this issue a portrait of Morris C. Werkheiser, the defendant in the criminal libel suit at Trenton, N. J., brought against him by the Rev. Elijah Lucas, who charges him with circulating pamphlets intimating an immoral relation between him and Miss Mary A. Bassett.

TOUCH HIM OFF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Thomas Glazebrook entered a barber shop at Bridgeport, Conn., on Friday evening and was shaved, after which he sat up in the barber's chair for the finishing touches to his hair. Standing near him was William Walsh, a friend, who was about to light a cigarette.

The barber roused Glazebrook's head with a generous dash of bay rum and remarked jocosely to Walsh, who still held a lighted match: "Touch him off." The latter applied the match and in an instant Glazebrook's head was in flames. He was badly burned and will probably hereafter be perfectly bald.



DEAD COCK IN THE PIT.

been won when the opposite side should have gained the verdict and raked in the stakes.

A handler of game fowls in the pit is a responsible and important position. A great deal depends on his *modus operandi*, and much also depends on his regard for his employer, or the understanding between him and the opposite party. If he thinks he can make more from the opposite party in the shape of bribes to sell the fight or main than he expects his employer to pay him, and is unscrupulous and dishonest, he will not hesitate to act from mercenary or dishonorable motives.

There are twenty or thirty ways of cheating in cock fighting, as in all kinds of games and sports, but cock fighting gives dishonest sportsmen more scope for trickery than perhaps any other sport. For instance, a person will show a cock with particular marks and colors, in full feather, which he matches (in the "weighing in and matching" process) against another equal in weight. He then leaves and trims the fowl which has been "showed" and matched for the fight, but returns with another marked and colored like the



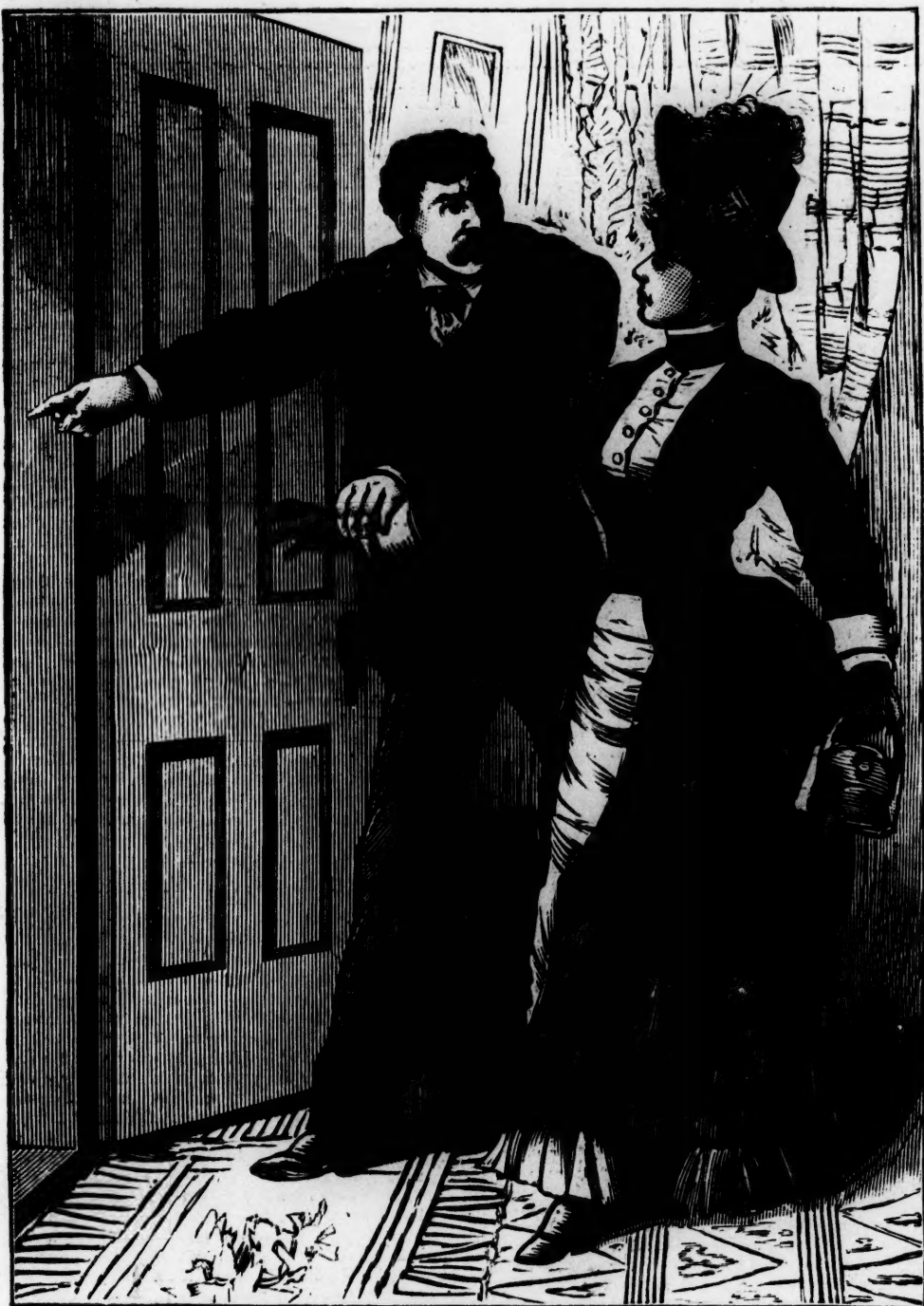
CHEATING AT WEIGHING—PUTTING CANDLE GREASE ON THE WEIGHTS.

first but heavier, whereby he gains a decided advantage.

In the vernacular of cock fighters this is called "ringing the changes." Another trick in the trade is as follows: If one cock sticks his spurs or gaffs into the other and they become what is termed "coupled" or "fast," the second of the cock who has received the blow takes out the gaff, for if this should be entrusted to the opposite handler to do he has it in his power to wrench the gaff in different directions in pulling it out, and may thereby do the cock a serious injury. He could also, by a dexterous movement with the point, rip a hole in him that would cause him to bleed to death.

In fighting mains this operation requires an atten-

Send 25 cents for POLICE GAZETTE CARD PLAYER, which gives the rules of all the different games of cards and other information essential to every one who desires to become expert in card playing.



DRIVEN FROM HER HOME.

SUICIDE AT DENVER, COL., OF PRETTY MRS. NELLIE GARR WHOSE HUSBAND
TURNED AGAINST HER BECAUSE OF SCANDALOUS RUMORS.



FRESHMEN WHO WERE TOO FRESH.

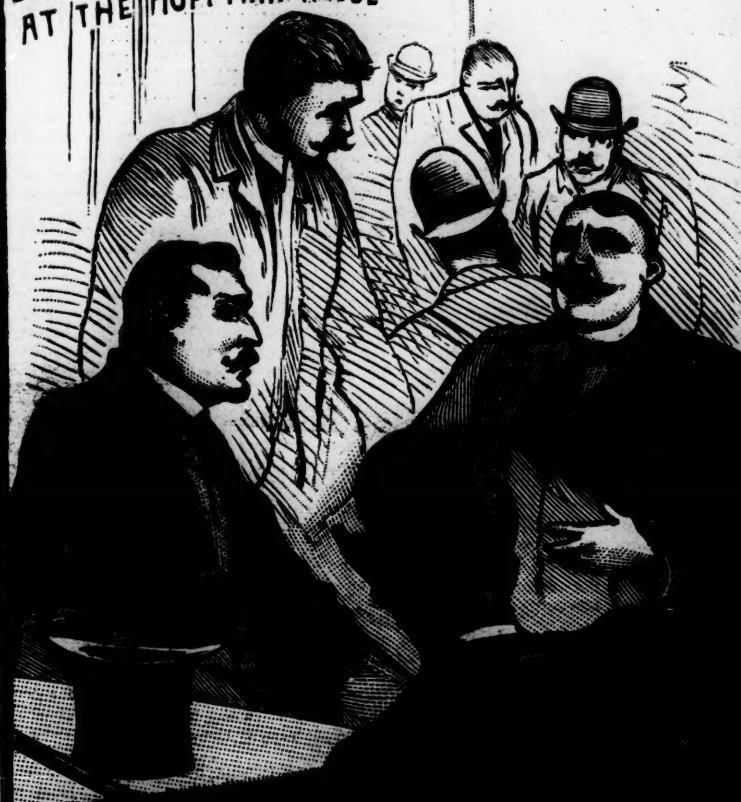
FRIGHTFUL RESULT OF A WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN WESLEYAN
COLLEGE, MIDDLETOWN, CONN., CAUSED BY A BOMB EXPLODING.



SHE BROKE UP A SKIN GAME.

DESPERATE RAID MADE BY LAWLESS KATE MAXWELL ON MIKE FARLEY'S GAMBLING DEN, BESSEMER, WYOMING.

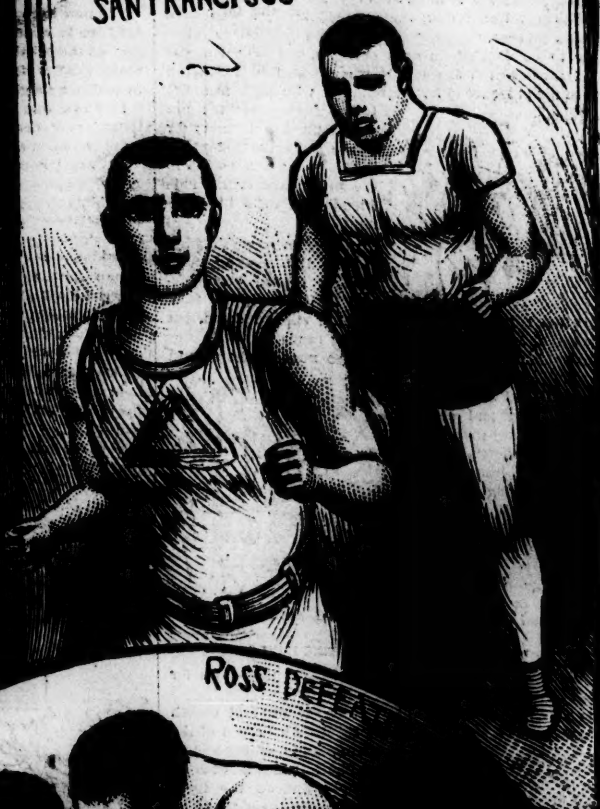
JOHN SULLIVAN HOLDING A LEEVE
AT THE HOFFMAN HOUSE



BREAKING



SIX DAY GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE
SAN FRANCISCO



ROSS DEFEAT



HORSE JADE TURNING
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

OUR WEEKLY SPORTING PANORAMA.

GRAPHIC VENTS HERE AND THERE IN WHICH THE POLICE GAZETTE AND OTHER CHAMPIONS WON DISTINCTION.

CUSHING-BARTLETT.

The Great 126-Pound International Battle Decided.

FOURTEEN RATTLING ROUNDS.

Cushing Does All the Fighting--Bartlett Cries "Enough."

CUSHING DECLARED THE WINNER.

[ILLUSTRATED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

The long-pending contest between Mike Cushing, of Brooklyn, the well-known light-weight, and Harry Bartlett, of Somerset, England, for \$1,000, was to have been decided on March 2, but owing to the crowd exceeding the specified number who were to have been present, the backers of the men refused to allow the affair to be decided on that occasion, and the battle was postponed until March 3, when it was decided on a dancing platform in the presence of forty spectators, who paid from \$25 to \$100 each to see the fun and resulted in a victory for Cushing, Bartlett stopping in the fourteenth round, to the utter amazement of his friends and even his opponent.



PREPARING FOR THE BATTLE.

In the first round Cushing did all the leading, and Bartlett replied with several light taps in the face. Cushing slipped down, but got up again, and the round ended at long range. Cushing hit Bartlett a sharp drive on the nose in the second round, and a claim of first blood was claimed but not allowed. Cushing had all the best of the third round, almost closing Bartlett's left eye by a terrific right-hander. In the fourth Cushing landed his left on Bartlett's chin, bringing the claret. First blood was claimed and allowed.

In rounds 5 and 6 Cushing punished Bartlett very much about the face and chest. At the end of the sixth round Bartlett caught Cushing on the arm and slipped down. First knock-down for Bartlett.

Cushing punished Bartlett severely in the seventh and eighth rounds, and the fight seemed very one-sided. At the end of the ninth round Cushing knocked Bartlett down with a straight one on the nose. Cushing continued to do all the fighting until the thirteenth round, when Bartlett ran in and caught him around the waist and threw him heavily on his head. A claim of foul was not allowed.



In the middle of the fourteenth round Bartlett held out his hand to Cushing and said: "I've had enough." Cushing was so surprised he did not know what to do about it. The referee gave the fight to Cushing, and the forty weary sports left the place disgusted.

The match came about in this way: Harry Bartlett, the English light-weight, on his arrival in this country, was matched to fight Jack Farrell, of Harlem, N. Y., a light-weight who had considerable reputation, and who had time and again proved himself a plucky and clever pugilist within the orthodox 24-foot ring.

Bartlett showed great form in his encounter with Farrell, and, to the surprise of the backers of the Harlem pugilist, easily conquered him.

After Bartlett's victory over Farrell, a well-known sporting man authorized the young Englishman to issue a challenge to fight any man in America at 126 or 136 pounds for \$1,000 a side. After issuing the challenge Bartlett left for England, where he remained for two weeks.

On Bartlett's return to this country he issued another challenge to meet any 126-pound man in America for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

Mike Cushing of Brooklyn, formerly of Elizabeth, N. J., picked up the gauntlet, and Edward H. Garrison (better known as "Snapper"), the famous jockey and racehorse owner, agreed to back Cushing for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

A meeting was held between the backers and principals, and both sides showed they were in earnest by posting \$250 a side.

A long wrangle ensued in arranging the preliminaries, Bartlett desiring to weigh 124 pounds, and Cushing insisting that the weight limit should be 126 pounds.

After the weight dispute was settled, the time of weighing raised another dispute.

Bartlett wanted to weigh 12 hours before fighting, while Cushing insisted that both should weigh 24 hours before entering the ring.

Finally, just when everybody supposed the match would end in smoke, Bartlett's backer, being eager to clinch the match, agreed to Cushing's proposition.

After all the points were agreed upon, articles of agreement were signed for Cushing and Bartlett to contend with gloves, according to Richard K. Fox rules, for \$500 a side.

It was also agreed that the contest should be decided within six weeks from signing articles, and that the men should weigh 24 hours before entering the ring, and that neither should exceed 126 pounds, give or take a pound.

After the protocol was signed the men went into training.

Bartlett at Ike Thompson's, Fort Hamilton, under the mentorship of Doc Weatherby, and Cushing making Gravesend his training quarters.

The final deposit of \$250 a side was duly posted and after that the men changed their training quarters, Bartlett going to Providence, R. I., Cushing to King's Highway, L. I.

According to agreement the men agreed to weigh on March 1 at P. J. Sharkey's, America's Sporting House, corner of 13th street and Fourth avenue, this city. At 9 P. M. on March 1 a tremendous crowd congregated there to catch a glimpse of the young gladiators who were to battle for fame and glory. Among the crowd present were Jack Dempsey, E. H. Garrison, Bernard McGuire, Denny Costigan, Al Power, John Costello and other well-known sporting men. Both men were ahead of time, and,



THE FINAL WEIGHING.

although they were not to weigh until 11 P. M., the crowd began to increase, and the men and their backers decided to weigh at once.

The men stripped, and the weight was placed on the scale at 126 pounds and both Cushing and Bartlett just balanced it. A few days before the weighing Cushing was arrested and put under \$1,000 bonds not to fight in New York, and the bonds were furnished by E. H. Garrison.

In New Jersey, this city and Brooklyn great interest was manifested over the affair, and crowds of sporting men journeyed from all sporting houses to another to try and gain the tip.

At Jack Dempsey's sporting hotel in Front street, this city, a crowd of sporting men were gathered from noon on March 2 until midnight. At 10 P. M. on March 2 the tip was given, and delegations went to the North river ferries by different routes to the trying place. After forty minutes the place where the battle was to have been fought was reached, but a ball and fandangos was in full blast, and there was no prospect of the mill being decided until the dance was over.

In the meantime those in search of a fight were, with the exception of a chosen few, kept out in the rain while the select were ushered down a stone stair way into a subcellar, where seats of boxes, planks and broken chairs were made. For three hours the crowd was packed in this place, while others gazed in the rain and mist up one street and down another until the ball had ended.

After the arrival of Bartlett and his seconds, Cushing was sent for, and with E. H. Garrison and a delegation from Brooklyn arrived. Among the crowd present were: Dr. Ordway, of Boston; Charles Kempland, of Brooklyn; Captain Cook, of Boston; Jim Barclay and Gus Tullih, of New York, and others prominently known in sporting circles.

At 4 A. M. on March 3 the ring was erected, and everything looked as if the battle would take place, but a messenger who had been out on a scout brought the intelligence that twenty-five policemen were ready to throw a net over the pugilists and



ARREST OF CUSHING AT GRAVESEND, L. I.

their backers should the fight go on. In an instant the ropes were pulled from the stakes, the ring posts pulled up, and the affair postponed.

Backed English pugilists to fight for such large stakes is absurd. In England a pugilist of Bartlett's form could not be backed for \$10, let alone twenty times that amount.

SPORTING NOTES.

Nearly all the Amateur Athletic Union clubs will have a boxer or wrestler in the championship contest at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 22.

Clara Belle won the six-day female pedestrian contest just finished in Pittsburgh. Zulu Zolletta and Alice Rolan finished second and third, respectively.

Ed Smith and George La Blanche were each fined \$25 and costs for their share of the battle for the Denver Cribb Club purse. It is likely that they will come together again in private.

The Barnes and Daly mill resulted in Barnes being declared the victor by scoring a clean knock-out, after a desperate and bloody battle lasting 13 rounds. Time, 46 minutes 23 seconds.

At Newtown, L. I., on Feb. 28, the trial of Wm. Hill, son of Harry Hill, for attending a cock fight at the Flushing Bay Pavilion was adjourned by Justice McKenna until March 7.

At Madison Square Garden, in this city on Feb. 28, the great horsehoe-turning match for \$1,000 and the championship between David Meredith, champion of England, and James Donelan, champion of America, attracted nearly 2,000 spectators. Donelan's five helpers struck for their pay just as the match was to begin. There was some talk of skirmishing to get matters patched up. After eleven minutes had been wasted they went to work. Alderman Carlin had guaranteed their pay. Although Donelan had lost eleven minutes, he gained rapidly on the Englishman, finishing the 100 shoes in 1 hour and 28 minutes. Meredith's time was 1 hour and 29 minutes. Donelan's actual working time was 12 minutes less than Meredith's. The referee decided the match a draw, because Meredith's work was more finished.

Orders for THE COCKERS' GUIDE: BOXING, AND HOW TO TRAIN: THE DOG PIT, HOW TO SELECT AND TRAIN FIGHTING DOGS: THE BAKERS' GUIDE, may be sent in now for any of the above books, which will soon be issued from the press of Richard K. Fox. Price, 25 cents each.

SPORTING.

Madame Kennedy's Reply to the Challenge of Miss Lillian Smith.

McAULIFFE'S CHALLENGERS.

[SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

LONDON, March 1.

Ted Pritchard, of London, has been backed to fight Jack Dempsey for \$1,000 a side.

Hinde has put up a forfeit of £25. Dempsey will be allowed for expenses.

[Pritchard's portrait is shown on another page.]

Wallace Ross is in this city and is open to steer a road-sculer against any man in the world.

The curling match, North vs. South, was postponed on Feb. 28 on account of softening of the ice.

The annual championship of the National Cross Country Association is to be decided on Saturday, April 27, near this city.

At Havana, on Feb. 28, Steinitz, the champion chess player, played simultaneously against nineteen persons and won all the games.

Doc McDonough has written a three-column article on the Sullivan and Kilrain battle, which appeared in the Albany Sunday Press, Feb. 17.

Ten Eyck has sent a challenge to Charles Long, of San Francisco, to row a race of three miles near San Francisco in March or April for \$500 a side.

Wm. Beneke, of the well-known firm of Beneke Bros., has been on a tour through the Pacific slope, Florida and Louisiana, enjoying himself by fishing and hunting.

Paddy Duffy, the welter-weight pugilist of Boston, is now in San Francisco preparing for his fight with Tom Meadows of Australia for a purse of \$1,000. Fight on March 29.

Johnny Reagan, the well-known pugilist of this city, desires his friends to know that he is not the man of that name defeated by Pete McClellan at Shamokin, Pa., last week.

The 48-hour go-as-you-please race at Newark, N. J., ended on March 2, and it was a dismal failure. Sammy Day won, but there was not enough of money taken in to pay the hall rent.

Jimmy Nelson, the well-known pugilist, was tendered a benefit at the Opera House, New London, Conn., on Feb. 27. Johnny Reagan, of New York, appeared and gave a rattling wind-up with Nelson.

The Frank Murphy and Ike Weir match for the third time has collapsed. Al Smith was the rock upon which the Murphy-Weir ship foundered. He refused to go to the West to referee the contest.

H. M. Dufur won two falls, collar and elbow and one Cornish style, to Graham's two falls, catch-as-catch-can, in the match for the mixed wrestling championship of the world in Springfield, Mass., on March 1.

At Woodside, L. I., on Feb. 28, Williamsburg and Brooklyn fought a main. The fight was for \$10 a battle, \$25 the last battle, and \$250 the main. Eleven battles were fought. Brooklyn won the main by 6 to 5.

At Chicago, on Jan. 27, Jake Schaefer, in a 400-point game of billiards, champion style, made an average of 134. His three runs were 118, 123 and 159. Louis Reid, his opponent, scored an average of 22½.

At Saginaw, Mich., on Feb. 28, George Levine, champion feather-weight of the Saginaw Valley, and George Siddons, champion of the Northwest, fought 7 rounds to a draw. The battle lasted 5 hours and 8 minutes.

A. Morton won the final match for the 15-ball pool championship of the New York Raquette Club on March 2, defeating E. W. Jewell in the final game by a score of 11 to 10, a close call, the conditions being the best 11 in 21.

On Feb. 26 Eugene Hornbaker and Cal McCarthy met in this city to arrange a match, but McCarthy backed out because Hornbaker insisted on meeting at 116 pounds. A pugilist of McCarthy's reputation should not quibble over a pound weight.

At Riverdale, Ill., on March 2, Mike Murphy, of Deluth, was knocked out by Jack Cotton, of Chicago, in an 8-round glove fight. The men are middle-weights, and were fighting for a purse of \$300. About three hundred people were present.

On Feb. 27, at a sporting resort in this city, Jim Sullivan and Peter Bradder, bantams, fought 12 hard rounds for a purse of \$50 a side. At the end of the 12th round both men were too tired to strike a telling blow, and the referee declared the match a draw.

A special from New Haven, Conn., March 1, says the captain of the Yale freshmen eight-oared crew has sent a letter to the Columbia freshmen challenging them to a two-mile straightaway race to be rowed at New London in June, the date to be mutually agreed upon.

At Highland Falls, N. Y., on March 2, Owen McElroy, of Yonkers, and Jack Farrell, of Dobbs Ferry, fought according to London prize ring rules. Seventy-two rounds were fought, when McElroy's backers threw up the sponge and the referee gave the fight to Farrell.

At Ashland, Wis., on March 2, Jack Van Heisel, champion feather-weight of the Northwest, and Billy Welch fought under London prize ring rules. The battle was a desperate and protracted struggle. One hundred and sixteen rounds were fought, when Van Heisel was declared the winner.

Thomas McMahon, of Detroit, and Tom Connors, of England, wrestled at Detroit on Feb. 26 for \$400 and the middle-weight championship. The match ended in a draw. The first bout, catch-as-catch-can, was won by Connors by a half Nelson. The second bout, Greco-Roman, was won by McMahon in 23 minutes. Connors won the third bout in 11 minutes.

In Hudson county, N. J., on Feb. 28, there was a cocking main between Newark and Jersey City. Conditions—Seven battles, each for \$20 and \$100 on the odd one. Jersey City won the first, second, fifth and seventh battles, and the main. All of the fights were long, one lasting 24 minutes. There were about 100 people present, and considerable money changed hands.

The six-day go-as-you-please race under the management of Frank Hall, at San Francisco, ended on Feb. 28, and Frank Hart, the colored pedestrian, won, covering 525 miles, and 7 laps. Moore, who was second, stopped when he had made 225 miles. No one else made the required limit to get a share of the gate money. The gross receipts will reach \$25,000. Hart will get 60 per cent, and Moore 40 per cent, of \$10,000.

On March 1, at Minneapolis, Minn., Charley Kimmick knocked out Tom Hanley, both of St. Paul, in 3 rounds lasting 10 minutes 40 seconds, according to Richard K. Fox rules. Dick Falles then agreed to fight Kimmick 10 rounds, according to Richard K. Fox rules. Falles was 12 pounds heavier than Kimmick, but the latter knocked him out in the tenth round.

At Fort Snelling, Minn., on March 3, there was a desperate prize ring encounter between Ed McChler, of Minneapolis, and Tom Murray, of St. Paul. In the thirteenth round a left-hander in the jaw sent McChler down, and he had hardly got squarely on his feet again before a blow on the chin upset him. He was barely saved by the call of time. Through the next two rounds he was groggy, and threw up the sponge at

the end of the fifteenth. The men are middle-weights, and fought for \$100 a side and the gate receipts.

On March 2 the pool tournament in this city ended by Malone, Frey and De Oro tying for first, second and third prize. The players finished in the tournament as follows:

	Games won.	Games lost.
Frey	4	2
Malone	4	2
De Oro	4	2
Powers	3	3
Clearwater	2	4
Manning	2	4
King	1	5

Billy O'Brien and Steve Brodie have entered into an agreement and will leave for England in April. Brodie has a wager on hand that says he cannot swim the English Channel from Dover to Calais. The amount is \$1,000. Steve says he can accomplish the feat. As soon as Brodie gets through with this he will give swimming exhibitions at Paris and London. With Brodie and O'Brien goes a prize fighter, whose name for the present is kept secret, and who will be the Agricultural Hall contestant.

The single-scul race between Wm. O'Connor, the champion oarsman of America, and Jake Gaudaur of St. Louis, ex-champion, for \$2,000, the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup and single-scul championship of America, was rowed on the Alameda course, San Francisco, on March 2. The distance was three miles with a turn. Gaudaur gave up the race after about 440 yards. O'Connor continued and turned the stakeboat at one mile and a half in 9 minutes 20 seconds, and then finished the other half of the distance in 19 minutes 45 seconds. O'Connor has now won the "Police Gazette" cup twice and should he win it again it will become his personal property.

In regard to the recent challenge of Lillian Smith, the famous female rifle shot, we have received the following:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 28, 1920.
TO THE SPORTING EDITOR—In reply to Lillian Smith's challenge permit me to say that there are no rules to govern such a contest as she proposes. I will shoot her three matches at one, two and three hundred yards, for from \$200 to \$500 a side, match to take place in March, on any rifle range within 200 miles of New York. She may use any rifle permissible under National rules, and I will do the same. As this is the only kind of rifle shooting that is governed by any rules, I will pay no attention to parties proposing any other kind, but if Miss Smith thinks she can shoot, and will put a forfeit up with any reliable sporting paper, I will cover it.
MADAME KENNEDY.
Mexican Champion Rifle Shot.

In an interview, Harry Gilmore said recently: "I would prefer at the present time to meet McAuliffe, as he holds the championship, and I will fight him for from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a side and the championship with skin gloves at any time within three months from now, or four weeks from the day of signing articles, if he prefers it. I know the general opinion is that McAuliffe is my master, but I feel confident that I can lick him. Now, why shouldn't I? The last time that we met I had him almost blind in the twenty-eighth round, and if my backers had not interfered I would have licked him then. It was their interference that caused me to lose the battle. I am a stronger and better man now than I was then, and at 135 pounds I am sure I can do him, and a chance to try it is what I am looking for. I have got a man now that will back me against any man in the world at any weight for from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a side, and I don't bar any man, though, as I say, would prefer to meet McAuliffe, and if he won't fight me with skin gloves or bare knuckles, then I would like to meet him in a twelve or fourteen round glove contest. McAuliffe should be willing to fight me, because he has already gotten the verdict in a fight with me once. Any time that McAuliffe says he will make a match I'll post a forfeit to make good my talk, for man and money are both ready."

Now that the turf season is beginning turf frauds are being perpetrated. At the Guttenberg race track on Feb. 26 the betting against Glendale in the fifth race looked so suspicious to the judges and to most of the spectators, the presiding judge, Mr. J. J. Burke, warned the owner and rider of Glendale not to pull the horse. This latter they did not do; but in order to defraud the public the jockey dropped some of the lead he had been weighted in with. The horse finished first, but the jockey being short of weight when returning to the scales, Glendale was disqualified, and the race awarded to George Angus. It was too late to investigate this fraud on that day, and Judge Burke ordered the matter to be looked into on Feb. 28. The Executive Committee accordingly held a meeting before the racing began. Not finding at that time sufficient proof to convict anybody they ordered another meeting after the close of the day's racing. At this meeting the following action was taken: "That it is the sense of this committee that there was fraud in connection with the Glendale race of Feb. 26; that evidence indicates that the owner of the horse, J. D. Carmody, and the jockey, Barton, were cognizant of and parties to the fraud. And the said Carmody and Barton and the horse Glendale are ruled off this track in consequence thereof." This action of the Executive Committee of the North Hudson County Racing Association will give a wholesome lesson to owners who have good horses running at this track and do not always like to run to win. It also will benefit those who visit the races and invest money on the result.

The National Association of Amateur Athletes held their games at Madison Square Garden on March 2, in presence of a medium-sized audience. The following are the results: The final heat of the 75-yards dash was won by D. Build, A. ton A. C., 4½ yards, in 11 seconds; A. S. Mahony, C. C. F. 4 yards, second.

The final heat of the 250-yards run was won by W. R. H.², Brighton A. C., 15 yards, in 28 3-5 seconds.

The second heat of the tug-of-war between the Manhattan and Craigie teams was won by the former by two inches.

C. H. Nichols, P. H., 50 seconds, won the first heat of mile walk in 7 minutes 28 1-5 seconds. The second heat was won by C. J. Lardner, W. S. A. C., 55 seconds, in 8 minutes 5 seconds. Ed. Laugh came in third from the scratch.

The final heat of the half-mile run was won by Jeff in 2 minutes 3 2-5 seconds.

Joseph F. Donoghue, champion skater of the world, tempted to break the record for roller skating at a mile, but one of his skates broke.

D. Smith won the 440-yards race for novices in 1 minute 2-5 seconds, with a handicap of 17½ yards.

Columbia College won the tug-of-war from the elite Young Men's Gymnasium team of Cambridge, Mass., by 10 inches.

The final heat of the mile and a half bicycle race was won by R. W. Stevens, E. C. W., 110 yards, in 5 minutes 15 seconds.

J. T. Norton, M. A. C., 12½ yards, won the 4th run in 54 1-5 seconds.

The final heat of the one-mile walk was won by W. Tillstrand, W. S. A. C., 45 seconds, in 7 minutes 23 seconds.

The two-mile run was won by W. T. Y. M. A. C., in 9 minutes 42 1-5 seconds.

Westing next tried to break the record 4 yards, but failed to do so.

The final heat of the three-quarter mile race for novices was won by J. Waters, Catholic Y. M. C., in 5 minutes 55 4-5 seconds. In the final tug-of-war, 10 inches, was won by the M. A. C.'s, the former won by 10 inches.

The last event, the three-mile run, and Connors, of the George, of the Spartan Harriers, E. J. 7 3-5 seconds.

The contests between the various colleges were the best tug more excitement than anything else was the best tug that between Columbia and Princeton resulted in a tie.

In the garden for a long time the drop, but Princeton got it back before the five minutes limit was up.

Columbia caught a half limit was up. Columbia got it back before the five minutes limit was up.

The other pulls won the second pull, however, Cambridge, Mass., and the were between the Craigie team, former; the Manhattan Metropolitan B. C. team, why 3 inches; the Catholic Y. and Star A. C.'s, won by the 10 inches; the Catholic Y. and M. Gymnasium, of Cambridge, Royal Scots and the Prad-

by the former by 5 inches; on by the Scots by 7 inches, ford B. C., of Cambridge, 1er and Columbia College, the

In the final tug between latter won by 7 inches.

ame. You can learn how to play it from the book upon rare, New York.

Progressive poker is set compiled and published by the POLICE GAZETTE, FRANK

REFEREE.

Jake Kilrain's Proposed Visit to England.

SOME ABSURD RUMORS CORRECTED

The bolt of the Intercollegiate Association from the National Amateur Association of American Athletes is a knock-down to this once well-known organization, whose officers tried to rule every athletic club in this country. It is an old saying, "When rats leave a ship it sinks," and probably the continued withdrawal of the athletic club from the National Association will ultimately end in the association's collapse.

I see Pat Sheedy is to again bloom as a full-fledged manager. He is going to manage Wm. O'Connor, the champion carman. Sheedy proposes that O'Connor send to Canada for his bank roll. A like amount will be added to it by Sheedy, and the total will be the capital of the firm for stakes and betting, the profits to be divided equally. If the contract is signed they will leave here March 2. Already arrangements have been made for exhibitions at Honolulu for \$400 and at Auckland for \$500 purses. It is probable the contract will not be signed.

A turfman, who claims to be an intimate of Hankins, states that it is the intention of the Chicago stable to divide its string of horses in the spring, sending one division, headed by Terra Cotta, to Brooklyn, and keeping the other in the West. This statement is borne out in a measure by the fact that Terra Cotta, besides being entered in the Brooklyn Handicap, is nominated in the Brooklyn Cup, the St. James Hotel stakes and other Eastern turf events run at the time when the Louisville meeting is in progress.

With the exception of the Oakwood and Great Western handicaps at Chicago, Terra Cotta and Egmont are jointly entered in all the big handicaps in the West, so that if Egmont possesses anything like his early form of last year, Terra Cotta could be spared very well to the East without lessening the opportunities of the Chicago stable.

On the other hand, it may be contended that if Hankins intended to send Terra Cotta eastward early in the spring he would have entered Egmont instead of the former in the Great Western handicap at Chicago. It is a lottery all around, however, in which Hankins is forced to be almost as big a guesser as the outsider. Everything will doubtless depend upon the weight the handicapper puts on Terra Cotta's back in the Brooklyn Handicap.

Speaking of the Oakwood and Great Western handicaps, every horse entered in the Kentucky handicap, with the exception of one or two, is nominated in one or both of these events, and the Kentucky handicap will, therefore, furnish an excellent line for the guidance of the Chicago turfites. The winner of the Kentucky event is likely to have pretty much his own way at Washington Park if he starts.

I think the battle between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, for the world's championship, will excite more interest in the sporting world than any affair of the kind in the annals of pugilism. Both are of American birth and thorough Irish-Americans, of which fact Kilrain is proud, so far as he is concerned.

I see that Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of the world, has decided to make a trip to England, where he will remain probably six or eight weeks. He will on his arrival, after visiting his friends, go on a boxing tour with Charley Mitchell, and probably arrange a match with Jim Smith to box with gloves, and uphold the Stars and Stripes, under whose folds he was born.

Kilrain's trip to England will in no way whatever injure his prospects of meeting John L. Sullivan in the match for \$50,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which event is not to be decided until July 8, nearly four months off, so that the champion can make a tour of England, meet Jim Smith, and then return in ample time to train for the Sullivan affair.

Kilrain claims, I see, that Sullivan will not meet him in the ring. He says the Boston pugilist will not even train for the proposed encounter, and therefore thinks it useless for him to work and train for nothing.

I do not think any one except the syndicate who proposes to find the \$50,000 for Sullivan, one-half the stakes in the great contest, knows anything about Sullivan or his intentions in regard to the great match. Therefore, "suppositions" upon what Kilrain will do or what Sullivan proposes to do are only puerile, and, in connection with the match, absurd.

Both men have signed a contract which embraces stipulations and conditions that are binding and must be carried out. Ten thousand dollars—\$5,000 on behalf of Sullivan and the same amount for Kilrain—are now up and held by a stakeholder, according to the stipulations and conditions embraced in the contract, and when a final stakeholder is agreed upon and the balance of the stakes are put up, then suppositions upon what Sullivan may do and what Kilrain proposes to do may be considered to have some weight in the matter.

I think it is absurd for Kilrain to believe Sullivan will not meet him, if that belief is going to make him neglect to train for the encounter. It is my opinion that Kilrain's *modus operandi* should be to take regular exercise up to April 17, when the final deposit is to be posted; then, if the match goes on, it will be necessary to increase his exercise and eventually go into training in the regular manner.

It is an old saying, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and, therefore, I think it would be unwise for Kilrain to believe that Sullivan will not enter the orthodox 24-foot ring on July 8, if that belief is going to cause him to neglect his training.

I believe Sullivan does intend to enter the ring, and I think if a referee that is suitable to his party is agreed upon, he may decide to face the champion; but should Kilrain on his friends refuse to agree upon a referee who may not be deemed square and impartial, then I am certain there will be no battle.

It will either be the failure of selecting a final stakeholder or the referee that will break off the great affair and cause the curtain to drop suddenly before the last act of the pugilistic drama is played. But I am certain it will be no fault of Kilrain should such an unlooked for event occur.

Many who are not thoroughly conversant with the rules, ethics and usages of the prize ring have an idea that when two pugilists sign articles of agreement stipulating the time and place of fighting, posting money, etc., a match is made.

This is not the case. It is merely playing the first act of a pugilistic drama, which is not completed until all the conditions have been complied with before the battle agreed upon is fought.

Send 25 cents for POLICE GAZETTE CARD PLAYER, which gives the rules of all the different games of cards and other information essential to every one who desires to become expert in card playing.

No match is practically made, in which pugilists are to figure as the contracting parties, until everything connected therewith is settled.

It is necessary, when arranging a match in which pugilists are to contend and London prize ring rules are to govern—especially a championship match—for the protocol to state who shall be the final stakeholder and the latter to have full power to act as referee or appoint one, should the contracting parties at the ring fail to agree upon one.

Therefore after the second deposit is posted, assuming that it will be, the match will then not be practically made, but only the second act will be over.

According to the agreement which governs the Sullivan and Kilrain match, neither side can claim any forfeit unless either Sullivan or Kilrain fail to put up the second deposit of \$5,000 a side. After the \$10,000 is up neither side can claim forfeit unless a referee is agreed upon at the ring and either Sullivan or Kilrain should refuse to battle, so that the claims and rumors circulated by parties not posted are absurd. Kilrain's money will be on hand on time. He will agree to any fair, responsible stakeholder, and also on July 8 he will enter the ring, no matter where it is erected, and agree upon any impartial sporting man for referee, and, if Sullivan's party will do the same, there will be a battle for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the biggest stakes ever fought for.

There is quite a difference between the manners, tastes and associations of Sullivan and Kilrain. Kilrain is more affable and a quiet kind of a talker who enjoys a social chat. Although noted for his modesty, when he gets warmed up Jake is well able to hold his own in most any kind of an argument. He is very ready with his tongue when necessary, and is anything but a dull man, but he is a good listener, and his face bears the stamp of one who has plenty of reserve force. He improves wonderfully on acquaintance, and impresses a person with the sterling worth of his character.

On the other hand, Sullivan is, with some people, their idea of a pugilist, and it is hard to shatter their idol. It goes without saying that he is the most popular boxer the world ever saw. His bluff, hearty way is understood, and his wariness forgiven because of his many excellent traits of mind and heart. His personal magnetism is something wonderful. Even in Boston, where he is seen almost daily, his presence on the streets is enough to cause a blockade. Few of those who know him by reputation only are aware that the "big fellow" is as remarkable for his wit as he is for his slugging abilities.

Sullivan will undoubtedly go to New Orleans early and become acclimated to the heat of July will not have a bad effect on him. Under the conditions it is the only sensible thing for him to do. There are many who say that his system is now so run down by fever that he will not be able to stand the torrid climate, and when the 8th day of July comes around he will not be fit to face the sturdy Baltimore man. It is but fair to say that those who know most about his case are putting up their money freely in his behalf, an argument the strength of which cannot be denied. Jack Hayes, his trainer, waxed enthusiastic when discussing the Boston man's condition and his wonderful recuperative powers. With Hayes will be Jack Dempsey, whose advice and judgment will be of incalculable benefit.

Mitchell will take hold of Kilrain and begin active preparations for the coming fray in May. Mitchell's value as a trainer is not underestimated by anybody. A clever fellow himself, cunning as a fox, and up to every trick of the ring, he can also give Jake the advantages of his experience with Sullivan in their memorable fight last March. And Kilrain is just the man to take advantage of all his pointers, for he is understood that he is a mighty good ring tactician himself. With both men in perfect condition, a fair day and fair play, the contest near New Orleans on July 8 next will be the most memorable ever known in the prize ring of America, if not in the world.

In regard to Kilrain's visit to England, a special from Baltimore says: "Jake Kilrain cabled to Charley Mitchell to-night that he would join him in England within ten days. This course was determined upon after Kilrain had been advised by his backers to go abroad if there was money in it. They promised to guard his interests and put up the balance of the stakes for the Sullivan fight by April 15. They do not think Sullivan will come to time, nor does Kilrain believe he means business, but should the Bostonian make good the amount, Kilrain will return to this country by May 1 and go at once into training. Otherwise he will remain abroad. The programme as outlined by Mitchell, who has been wanting Kilrain to join him, is a ten or fifteen round glove fight with Jim Smith with soft gloves for points. Mitchell writes that the contest would draw immensely. Kilrain is satisfied, but will insist that the victor take all the receipts. Smith has declared that he will not fight Kilrain again without gloves. After this meeting Mitchell and Kilrain are to make a tour of the provinces, giving exhibitions. They will appear at Tony Moore's benefit, which takes place in April. After doing England it is proposed that they go to San Francisco, where Kilrain will be ready to meet any antagonist who wishes to try conclusions, and thence they will go to Australia. The tour is expected to last about three years. Next Wednesday Kilrain is to have a farewell benefit here by his friends, and on Thursday he will leave for New York. He will probably sail Saturday week. His family will remain here."

I see that March 17 is the date fixed for the glove fight between Joe Lannon and Jack Ashton, and that the contest will either take place at Boston or Providence. Both men have gained considerable fame and renown, and there is not the least doubt that the battle will be one well worth a long journey to witness. Lannon is looked upon as Boston's champion, since John L. Sullivan has decided to leave the Hub and make the City of Churches his residence, and no matter how many victories Ashton has gained the sporting men of Boston—the Killans, Collivilles, Mahoneys, Campbells, Dennys and McCarthys—will back Lannon to carry off the palm of victory in any event. Providence sporting men think Ashton can defeat any man in America without any exception, and they are confident that he will defeat Lannon.

I see that there is a wrangle over the light-weight championship. Mike Daly, of Bangor, has challenged McAuliffe, who holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, to battle for the trophy. Daly's challenge is backed up with money and it is my opinion McAuliffe will have to either meet Daly, or give up the belt which represents the light weight championship, according to the rules which latter-day champions contend by.

I should think McAuliffe would not for a moment hesitate to meet Daly, that is if he is eager to waste a little time for a great deal of profit.

As the matter now stands, McAuliffe will either have to pick up the gauntlet or refuse to do so, and if he does the latter he will lose reputation and the championship of light-weights.

The New York Herald, in a special from Baltimore, says: "Jake Kilrain has positively refused to listen to any proposition looking to a glove contest for scientific points with Jack Dempsey. He says he would be willing to meet Dempsey in private, where a decision could be reached, or would fight him 15 rounds for a purse, but does not care for a public meeting, where there is always a chance for police interference and a draw would be the most he could expect. He would have every thing to lose and but little to gain, even were the contest decided in his favor, while Dempsey could lose nothing by a defeat, and would add to his laurels in case of a draw. The proposition for the 10-round contest for points came from a friend of Dempsey's who says Jake is to go to California in a few weeks and would like to spar with Kilrain before going. Kilrain has received a letter from Charley Mitchell asking him to come to England at once, as he thinks there is big money to be made in a short spring tour, and Jake thinks seriously of accepting the chance, believing that the trip would do him good and help him get into condition for his meeting with Sullivan. If he goes to England Mitchell will return with him, although how this is to be done is not explained, as Mitchell has declared his intention of sailing for America on March 6th. Mitchell's plans are decidedly mixed."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Reliable Answers to Interesting Queries of All Sorts.

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T. W. C., Boston.—No.
J. C., Sing Sing, N. Y.—No.
M. D. C., Albany, N. Y.—No.
E. McC., Des Moines, Ia.—Thanks.
A. J. S., Tompkinsville, S. I.—A win.
A. SUBSCRIBER.—The figure on the left is Myers.
A. H. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—Yes; in summer time.
H. G. W., Reading, Pa.—We do not back pedestrians.
B. F. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We do not issue an almanac.
G. W., Taftville, Conn.—Neither wins; it was no contest.
E. D. J., Augusta, Ga.—We do not know whose invention it is.

A. SUBSCRIBER, Youngstown, O.—Sizes are high in poker dice.

J. McC., New York City.—Boulanger and Floquet fought with swords.

M. J. S., N. Y. City.—Write to John B. Day, 121 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.

T. M., Wyalitlock, Me.—The matter came to hand too late for publication.

J. H. S., Marshall, Mich.—J. Barker, of Boston, Mass., is supposed to be.

M. W., Utica, N. Y.—1. Jake Kilrain. 2. Sullivan was born Oct. 15, 1858.

E. H. S., Passaic, N. J.—Jem Mace is considered the most scientific boxer.

W. H. S., Dryden, N. Y.—We cannot decide your bet. It is too complicated.

J. C., East Bridgeport, Conn.—At what distance do you want the fastest time?

P. W. D., Woodland Falls, Ill.—Sullivan lost the title of champion in April, 1887.

T. W. G., Kansas City, Mo.—Jack Dempsey is the middle-weight champion.

M. K., Oswego, N. Y.—Matter came too late. Thanks. Noticed the matter.

A. B. C., Rochester, N. Y.—Charley Perkins did box with John C. Heenan. A loss.

H. H., San Francisco.—Jake Kilrain defeated George Godfrey, who is a colored man.

BARNET, Jackson, Miss.—A wins. Mace and Coburn never fought at New Orleans.

D. J. S. and R. W. T., N. Y. City.—1. No. 2. A wins; B is entitled to third money.

H. S. H., Fort Worth, Tex.—Lotta was born in a house on Broadway, New York, in 1847.

P. S. B., Casa de Janes Ranch, Mex.—Send on \$5 and we will mail you the books, rules, etc.

L. H. H., Springfield, Mass.—Send on an advertisement of the affair, and it will be duly noticed.

F. D., Cedar St., New York City.—Write to Frank Stevenson, corner Thompson and Bleeker streets.

W. C. E., Paterson, N. Y.—On the east side of Broadway, which is supposed to be the dividing line.

J. F., Elmira, N. Y.—We do not know who owns the breed of game fowls known as the "Irish Slayers."

J. W., Elgin, Ill.—We can supply you with boxing gloves, athlete suits and all kinds of sporting goods.

M. L. H., Princeton, La.—Send 25 cents for "The Life and Battles of Jake Kilrain." It will give you full particulars.

B. O. H., Rochester, N. Y.—We keep no record of the many dog fights, consequently we cannot give you the information.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—Probably if Sam Blakelock went the regular way about it he might succeed in securing a match.

W. W. E., Collins, O.—We do not keep a record of the measurements of pugilists. It is very doubtful if the men know themselves.

W. G., Terre Haute, Ind.—"The Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules" contains all the rules governing prize ring and glove encounters.

J. V., Dryden, Ill.—Johnny Reagan and Jack Dempsey fought on Nov. 15, 1887. Jimmy Carney and Jack McAuliffe fought on Dec. 13, 1887.

W. C., Central Falls, R. I.—Write to Mr. George W. Atkinson, Sporting Life, London. We do not keep a record of the deaths of English jockeys.

T. S., New York City.—1. Johnny McGlade, who fought Sam Collyer for the light-weight championship, is dead. 2. He was killed at White Pine, Nev.

A. G. S., Como, Park Co., Cal.—John L. Sullivan will be 31 years of age on the 15th of October, 1889. Jake Kilrain was 30 years of age last February.

CHICKEN FANCY, Quincy, Ill.—The breeders of game fowls do not advertise their game for sale in the POLICE GAZETTE, consequently we cannot advertise their business gratis.

D. J., Jersey City.—A champion is an athlete who stands ready to contend in his particular or special line against all comers according to code or rule governing the championship.

L. S. A. E., New York City.—It is a resort where opinion is supplied, with apparatus to smoke. "Joint" is only a cant phrase in designating these places. Sometimes they are called dens.

W. J. B., Red Bank, N. J.—1. John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, was born in Troy, N. Y. He was not colored. 2. Send 25 cents for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."

J. V., Decatur, Ill.—If your question was not answered in one issue it was in another. We do not understand what you mean in reference to McAuliffe and Carney and the "Police Gazette" belt.

H. O., Washington, D. C.—1. There is no one holding that title. 2. Miss Amy Howard was credited with covering 458 miles in six days. 3. We do not know any body who can furnish you with the information.

T. S., Shenandoah, Pa.—1. Jemmy Carney defeated Jimmy Mitchell and fought a draw with Jack McAuliffe when he was in this country. 2. Patay Sheppard. 3. Jack McAuliffe and Jack Dempsey never fought as opponents.

AJAX, Hartford, Conn.—Dick Davis, the Manchester Pet, and Sam Evans, better known as Young Dutch Sam, fought at Stony Stratford, England, on June 19, 1887. Young Dutch Sam won in 3 hours 35 minutes, 30 rounds.

CONSTANT READER, Eagle River, Wis.—1. We do not keep a record of hangings. 2. We have photos of all the famous athletes and pugilists—Jake Kilrain, John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, and others too numerous to mention.

M. W. C., Boston.—No match between pugilists who are to contend according to London prize ring rules is practically made until the final stakeholder is appointed and the referee is agreed upon, or the final stakeholder has power to select that official.

Remember we keep constantly on hand a complete assortment of cabinet photos of all the leading actors, actresses, pugilists, athletes, pedestrians, wrestlers, rowers, etc. Price, 10 cents each. Address all orders to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

M. J., New York City.—1. Jem Ward was in this country and B loses. 2. Ward's champion belt consisted of a silk kerchief, blue and crimson bound all round with tiger's skin. The clasp was made of steel encircled with embossed designs, and in the middle of the clasp was a heart worked with gold, on which was engraved: "This belt was presented to James Ward at the Five Court, St. Martin's Lane, Leicester Fields, England, on July 22, in commemoration of his scientific and manly conquest of Tom Cannon, at Stanfield Park, Warwick, England, on July 16, 1855. This battle entitled him to the high and distinguished appellation of the British champion."

SPORTING NOTES.

Tom Bates, the pugilist, is starring at the Walla Walla, Seattle, W. T.

Tom Madden, heavy-weight champion of Maine, is living at Wyalitlock.

Harry Walton's benefit at Hoboken, N. J., on Feb. 25, was a success. Cal McCarthy boxed 4 rounds with Walton.

Ed Adamson, of Seattle, W. T., has matched his mare, Mayflower, against an unknown for \$500 to trot best two in three heats.

Johnny Griffen, of this city, has issued a challenge to fight any 100-pound man in America with gloves, Richard K. Fox rules, for a purse of \$500.

A gymnasium has been fixed up in the basement of the Eldora high school building, at Des Moines, and supplied with boxing gloves, dumbbells, Indian clubs, etc.

A canine dispute between White Pete, weighing 38 pounds, and Tig, weighing 35 pounds, was fought at Detroit, Mich., on Feb. 25. It was "a scratch in turn" fight, and Tig won in 35 minutes. The stakes were \$800.

At Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 2, Messrs. Budd and Adams shot at 100 live pigeons against Messrs. Harris and Smith. Budd killed 77; Adams, 59; Smith, 68, and Harris, 77. Total—Budd and Adams, 136; Smith and Harris, 145.

The Bradford Rifle Club visited Orillia, Ont., on Feb. 24, to shoot a match with the rifle club of that town. The match was very exciting for a short time at the commencement of the 500 yards range, but Bradford won easily by 40 points.

Prof. Walter Watson and John L. Mitchell, better known as Young Mitchell, have opened the "Sportsman's Resort," No. 1 Taylor street, San Francisco. They have fitted up the saloon in grand style and will give boxing lessons.

J. J. Miller's great show printing house, 451-2 Postoffice Place, Melbourne, Australia, has published a valuable diary and date book, which is extremely useful and a credit to the firm. Miller's show printing house is the largest and most complete of its kind in Australia.

A special from El Paso says that arrangements have been made to have the Sullivan-Kilrain fight take place in that city, the consideration being a purse of \$10,000. No such arrangements have been made, neither will the syndicate behind Sullivan agree to go to El Paso, even if the champion was willing.

Smith, Ainalie & Co., the well-known publishers and the agents for the POLICE GAZETTE in England, have issued a neat and valuable book entitled "Practical Hints on Turf and Bookmaking." It gives a comprehensive system of bookmaking with explanatory rules and examples, and it is the best book of the kind published.

At Havana, on Feb. 25, the series of games of chess between Steinitz and Tchigorin was won by the former. After the seventeenth game it was agreed that the match, which was a series of twenty games for \$1,500, be considered as ended, with Steinitz as winner, he having won ten games to six for Mr. Tchigorin.

At Stillmanville, R. I., on Feb. 24, a slashing contest took place between Dick McEwen, of Stonington, and Charlie Branch, of East Greenwich, for a purse of \$50 and gate receipts. Branch weighed 165 and McEwen 145 pounds. Mick Eagen was chosen referee; C. O. Browning timekeeper. They fought 4 rounds, London prize ring rules, when Branch's glove gave out and the referee stopped the affair.

In this city on Feb. 25, a series of pyramid pool games in a continuous six days' tournament for the championship of the United States and \$1,000 commenced. The contestants are Albert M. Froy, champion of America; Joseph T. King, of Newark, N. J.; Alfred de Oro, Chas. H. Manning, J. Louis Malone, Wm. Benn, Albert G. Powers and W. H. Clearwater. All of the contestants have made reputations in continuous games in other cities.

Patay Hogan, the "Police Gazette" correspondent, sent the following dispatch to this office: SAN FRANCISCO, March 1, 1889.

RICHARD E. FOX, Esq.—M. M. Brown, a well-known mine owner, of Deadwood, Col., has posted \$500 and issued the following challenge, which he desires published:

"I hereby challenge any man in America in a fight to a finish, with skin gloves, for \$5,000 a side, in behalf of Peter Jackson."

M. M. BROWN, Deadwood, Col.

Jim Guest, the former owner of Heron, the fast three-year-old in the Chicago stable, was in Louisville the other day, and, meeting Sam Bryant, a discussion of the Two Thousand stakes at Nashville came up. "Well, Sam," said Guest, "you and I (Proctor Knott and Heron) seem to be the only ones in it."

"You and I?" mimicked Bryant. "Well, Jim, to tell you the truth, I'll be darned if I see where you come in. If Proctor Knott does not give Heron a ten-pound beating you can win \$5,000 of my money."

Guest had nothing further to say.

The rules governing the "Police Gazette" medal representing the female bicycle championship of the world:

RULE 1.—The holder of the medal must accept all bona fide challenges to contend for the trophy.

RULE 2.—All races for the trophy must be at distances from 200 to 500 miles or six-day contests in which the actual riding time must be limited from eight to twelve hours or six days and nights, optional with the holder of the trophy.

RULE 3.—In all contests for the trophy all questions of dispute will be decided by Richard K. Fox, the donor.

RULE 4.—The winner of the trophy will be required to deposit a stipulated sum with the donor for its return when required.

RULE 5.—In all races for the medal Richard K. Fox shall appoint the judges and officials unless other provision is made for the appointment of referee, etc., by the holder and challengers.

RULE 6.—The winner of the trophy in the first contest will be required to win it three times in regular open-to-all public competitions before it becomes her personal property.

Mike Daly, of Bangor, Me., is eager to meet Jack McAuliffe and battle for \$5,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, Queensberry rules, as will be seen by the following challenge, which was received from Captain A. W. Cook, of Boston, accompanied by a deposit of \$250, to be held by the POLICE GAZETTE:

BOSTON, Feb. 25, 1889.

Mike Daly, of Bangor, Me., has this day deposited in my hands the enclosed \$250 check (I guarantee the check) to back his challenge to fight Jack McAuliffe for \$1,000 a side, the light-weight championship of America and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt now held by McAuliffe.

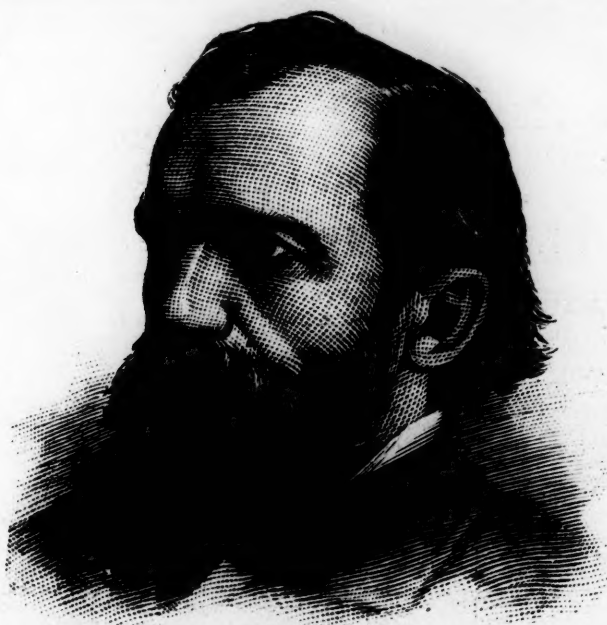
Daly agrees to fight with gloves, according to Queensberry rules, within 250 miles of New York within six weeks from the signing of articles, and stipulates that Mr. Al Smith, of New York, shall be referee.

This challenge is addressed to the POLICE GAZETTE, believing that if McAuliffe refuses to accept it you will no longer consider him the holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the light-weight championship, should he refuse to defend it, considering that he has now no match on hand.

This challenge will be open for McAuliffe's acceptance for two weeks from the time it is published in the POLICE GAZETTE.

A. W. COOKE.

Daly's challenge is bona fide, and the champion cannot refuse to accept it unless he desires to forfeit the title of light-weight champion. Daly and his backers are in earnest and ready with their man and money, and at present there does not appear the smallest loophole whereby McAuliffe can escape from picking up the gauntlet thrown down by the Eastern boxer. McAuliffe's reply will be eagerly looked for.



GOVERNOR LARRABEE,
IOWA'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE, INDICTED BY THE GRAND JURY
OF POLK COUNTY FOR CRIMINAL LIBEL.



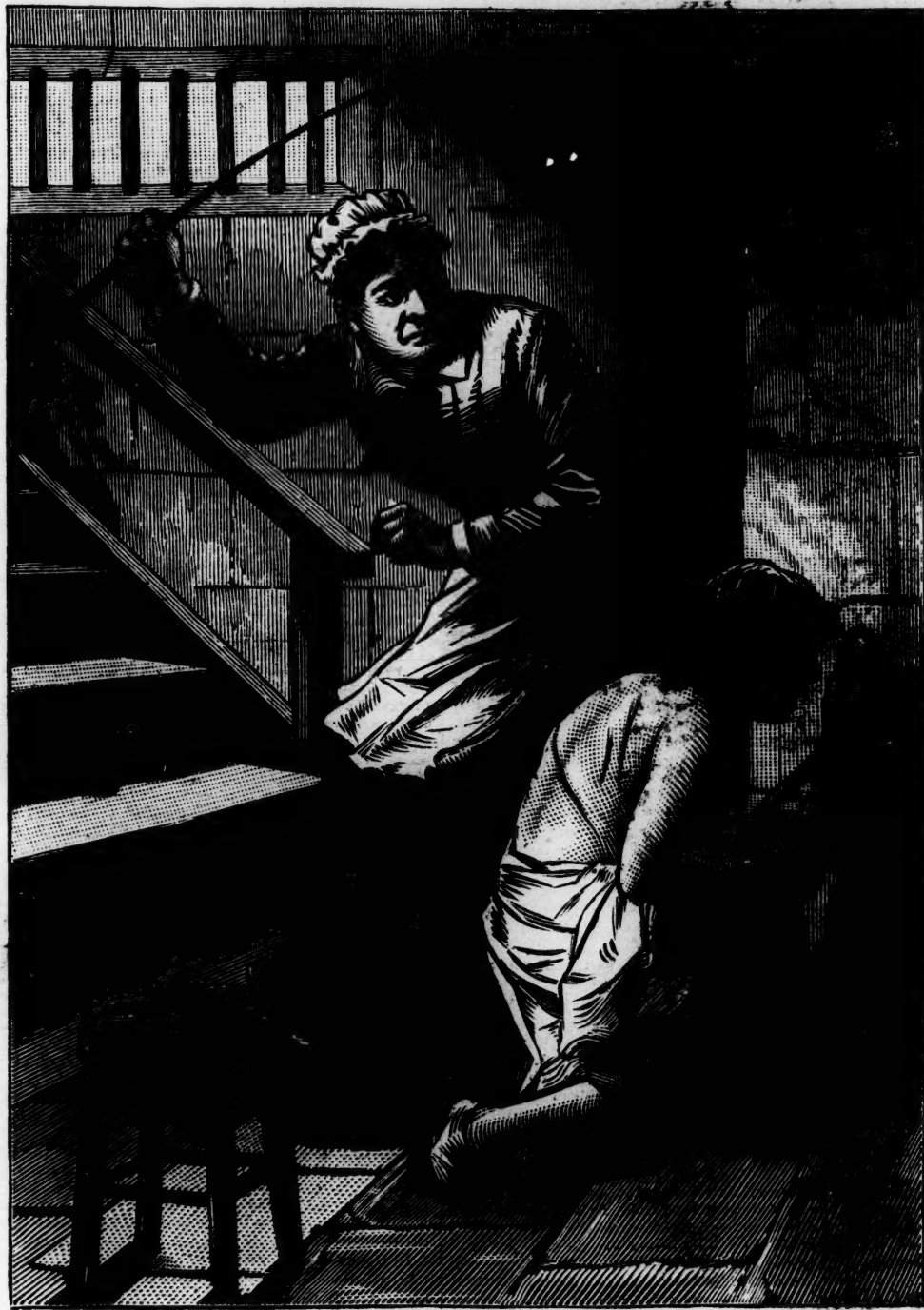
MORRIS C. WERKHEISER,
ALLEGED AUTHOR OF SCANDALOUS STATEMENTS AGAINST THE
REV. MR. LUCAS AT TRENTON, N. J.



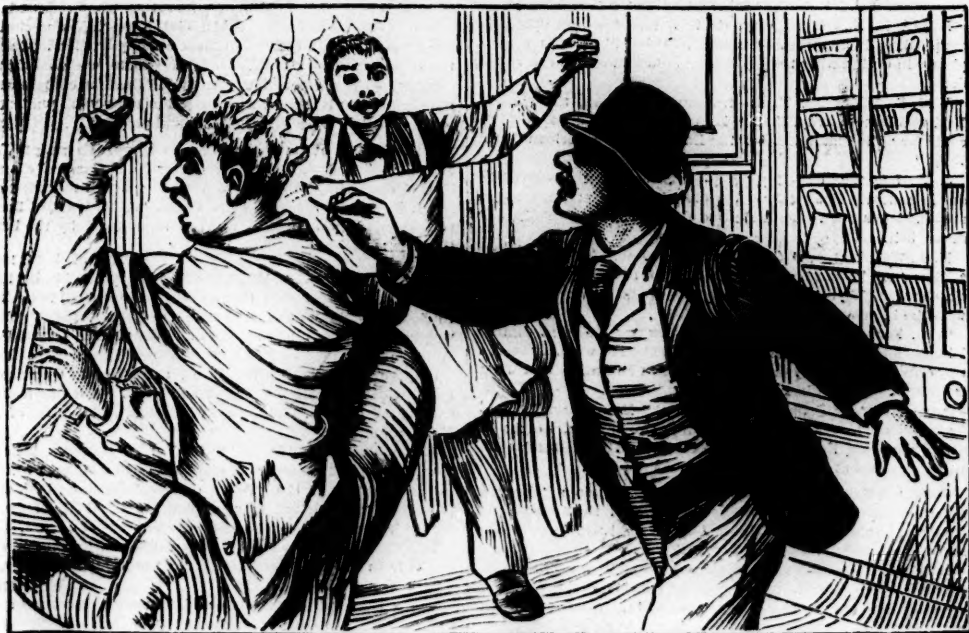
REV. ELIJAH LUCAS,
WELL-KNOWN DIVINE AT TRENTON, N. J., PUBLICLY CHARGED WITH
IMMORAL RELATIONS WITH MISS MARY A. BASSETT.



KICKED AND BEAT HIS VICTIM TO DEATH.
THE KILLING OF JOHN L. HOVACK AT THE CENTRAL PARK, N. Y. RIDING ACADEMY, BY EX-PUGILIST RICHARD YARWOOD.



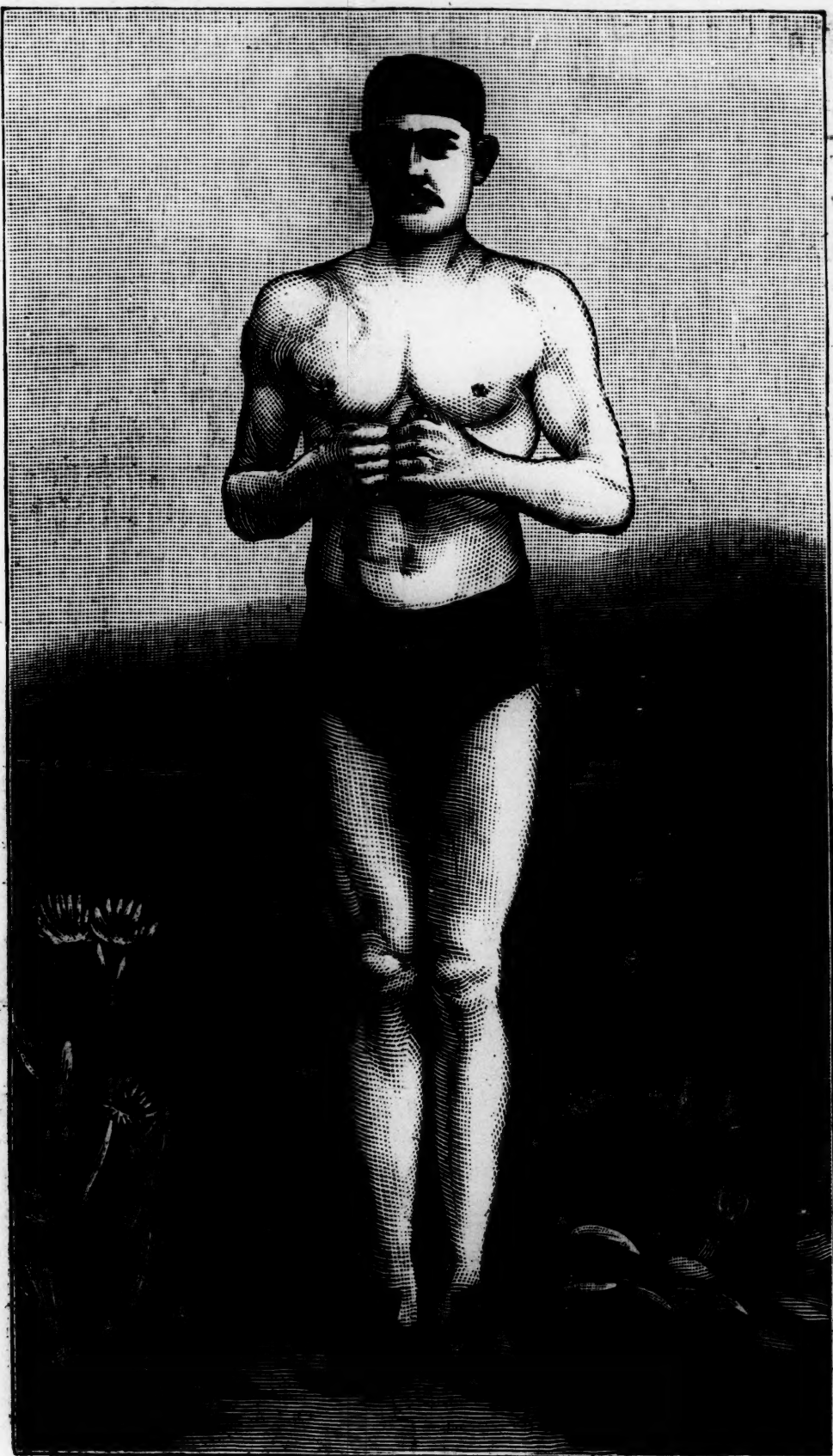
WHIPPED BY A CRUEL MATRON.
HOW THE TENDER INMATES OF THE HUBBELL PARK ORPHAN ASYLUM AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., ARE ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN TREATED.



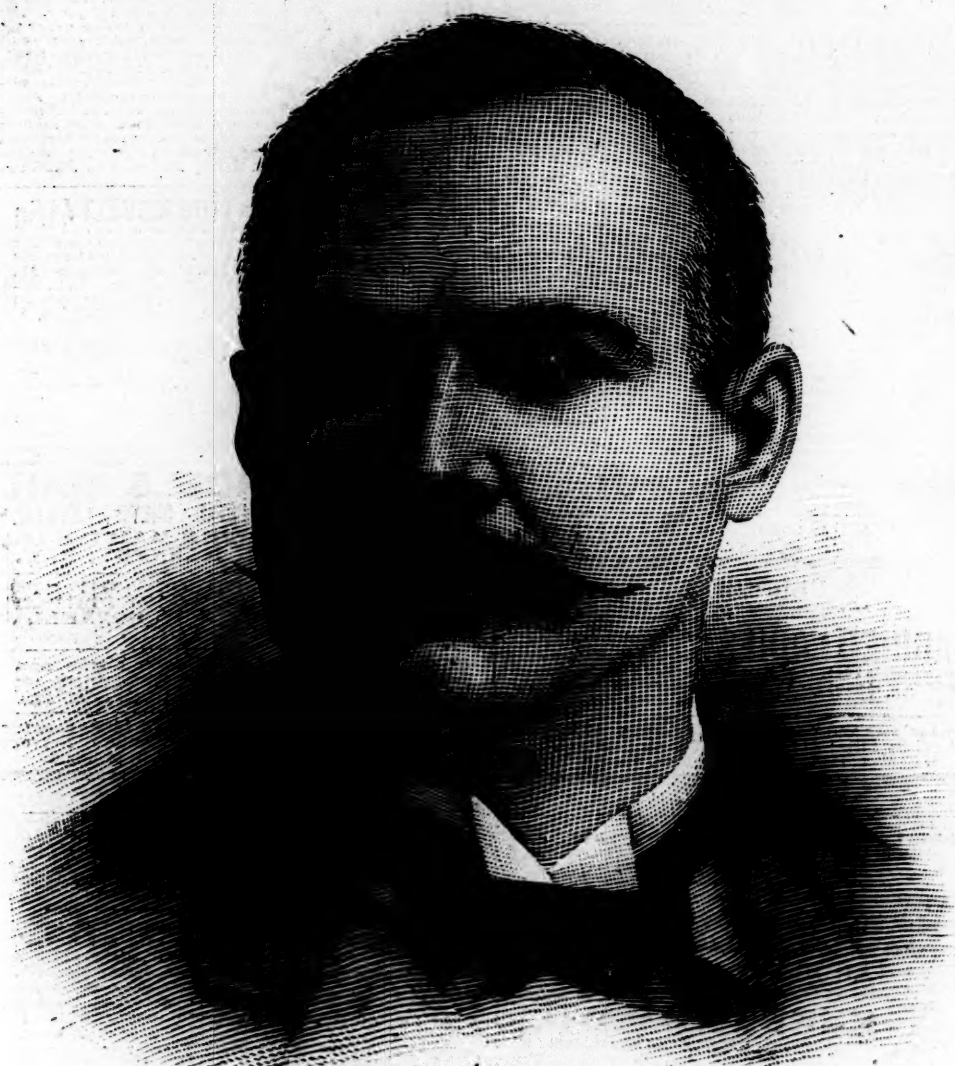
"TOUCH HIM OFF."
A JOKE THOUGHTLESSLY PLAYED ON THOMAS GLAZEBROOK IN A BRIDGEPORT, CONN., BARBER SHOP HAS A MOST SERIOUS RESULT.



MURDERED BY A SALOON-KEEPER
FATAL RESULT OF A DISPUTE BETWEEN TERENCE MCKIERNAN AND MICHAEL CLEARY IN THE FORMER'S SALOON AT UNION CITY, CONN.



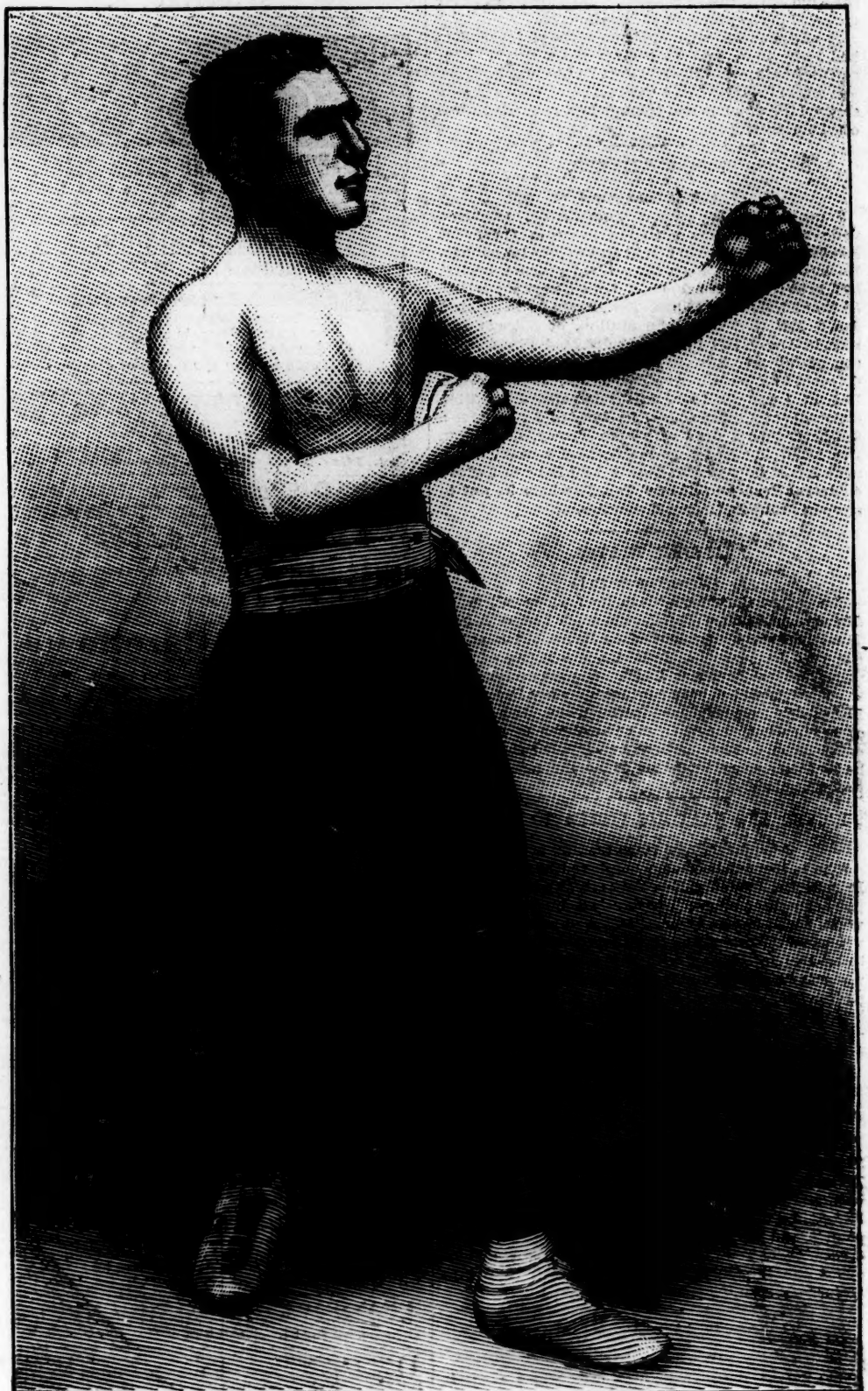
J. COLLINS GEORGE,
FAMOUS SPRINT RUNNER OF TEMPLE, TEXAS.



JAMES F. MOORE.
FAMOUS SPORTING MAN OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



ALBERT TRAVIS,
THE POPULAR SUPERINTENDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE OF
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.



FRANK SKINNER,
WELL-KNOWN MIDDLE-WEIGHT FUGILIST OF CHICAGO.

LADIES' PRINCESS SHIELDS. Pat.
Three for \$1. J. O. HANSON, Chicago, Ill.

When you write mention the Police Gazette.



"SHE" WAS A MAN.

REMARKABLE CAREER OF DASHING BECKY PAYNE, THE ALLEGED MAN-WOMAN, A FORMER POST-MISTRESS IN FREDERICK CO., VA., NOW RESIDING NEAR WINCHESTER.